

POWER DOWN

WRITER
RIK HOSKIN
ARTIST
LUCA BERTELE

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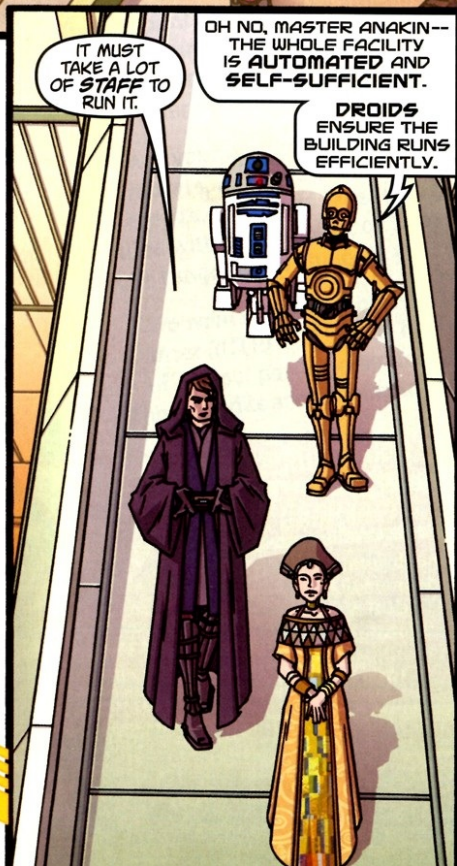
PEACE NEGOTIATIONS
ARE IN PROGRESS ON
THE CONTESTED MOON
OF GUS TALON.

SENATOR PADMÉ
AMIDALA ATTENDS,
ACCOMPANIED BY
ANAKIN SKYWALKER,
JEDI KNIGHT...

IT'S HARD
TO BELIEVE THIS
WHOLE COMPLEX WAS
BUILT SOLELY TO HOST
DIPLOMATIC
NEGOTIATIONS...

IT'S
HUGE!

THEY TAKE
DIPLOMACY
SERIOUSLY HERE
ON GUS TALON,
ANAKIN.



IT MUST
TAKE A LOT
OF STAFF TO
RUN IT.

OH NO, MASTER ANAKIN--
THE WHOLE FACILITY
IS AUTOMATED AND
SELF-SUFFICIENT.

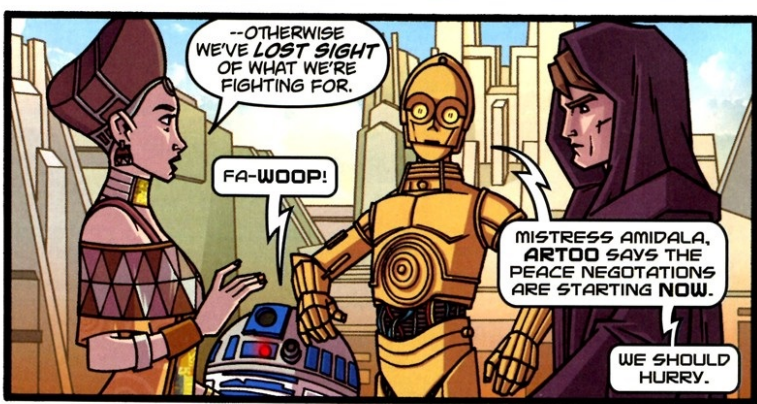
DROIDS
ENSURE THE
BUILDING RUNS
EFFICIENTLY.



THANKS FOR COMING, ANI.
WITH THIS *GHASTLY* WAR
ON, WE DON'T GET MUCH
TIME TOGETHER.

YOU'RE THE
DIPLOMAT, PADMÉ--
AND A DIPLOMAT NEEDS
A JEDI KNIGHT FOR
PROTECTION.

BUT WE
MUSTN'T FORGET
TO TAKE TIME FOR
OURSELVES--

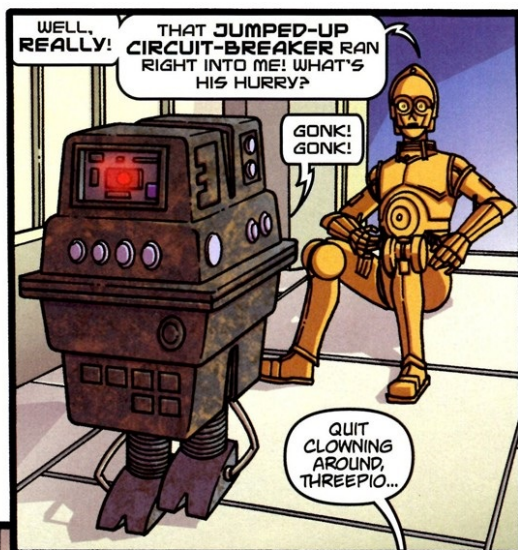
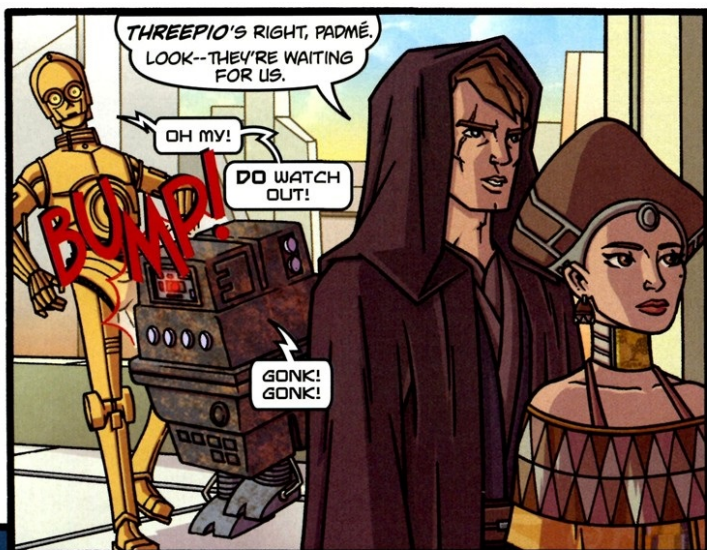


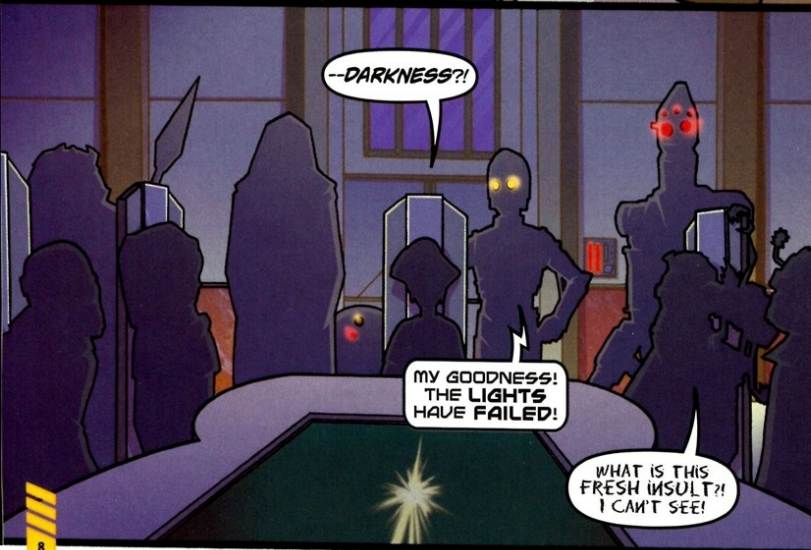
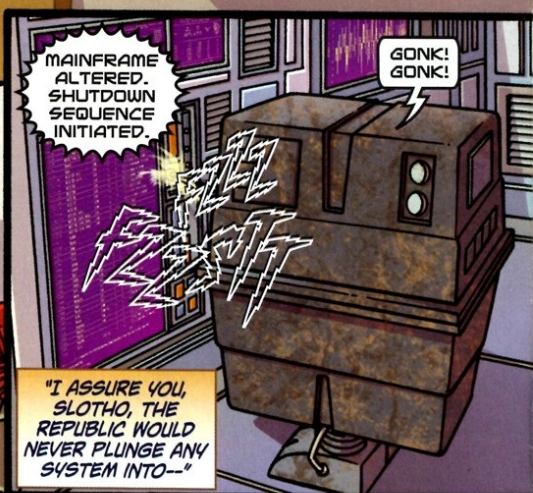
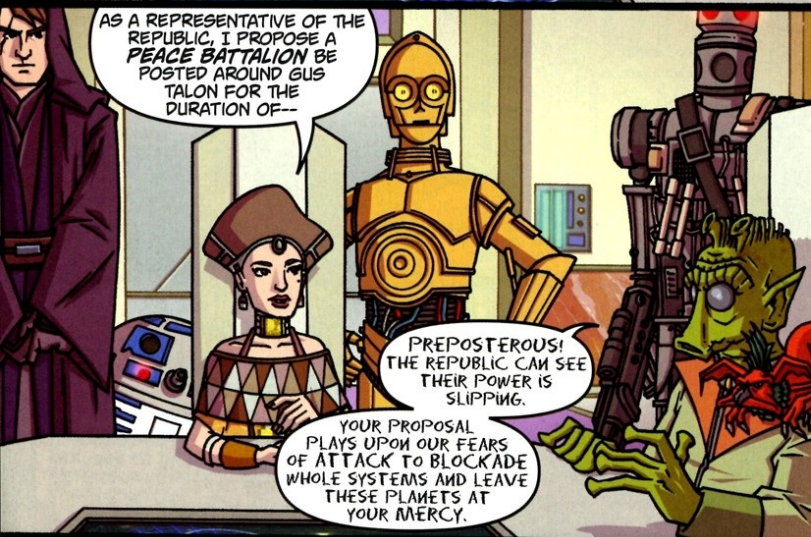
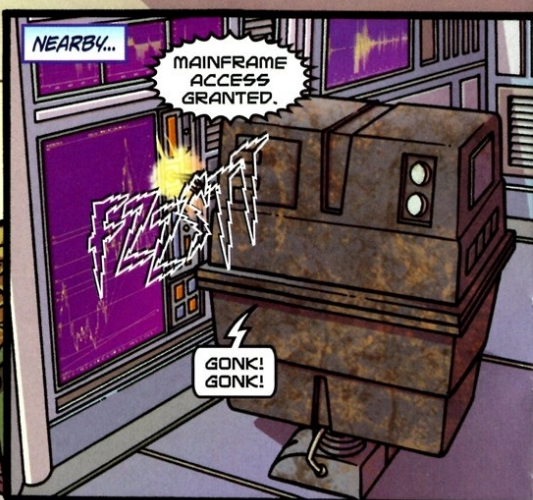
--OTHERWISE
WE'VE LOST SIGHT
OF WHAT WE'RE
FIGHTING FOR.

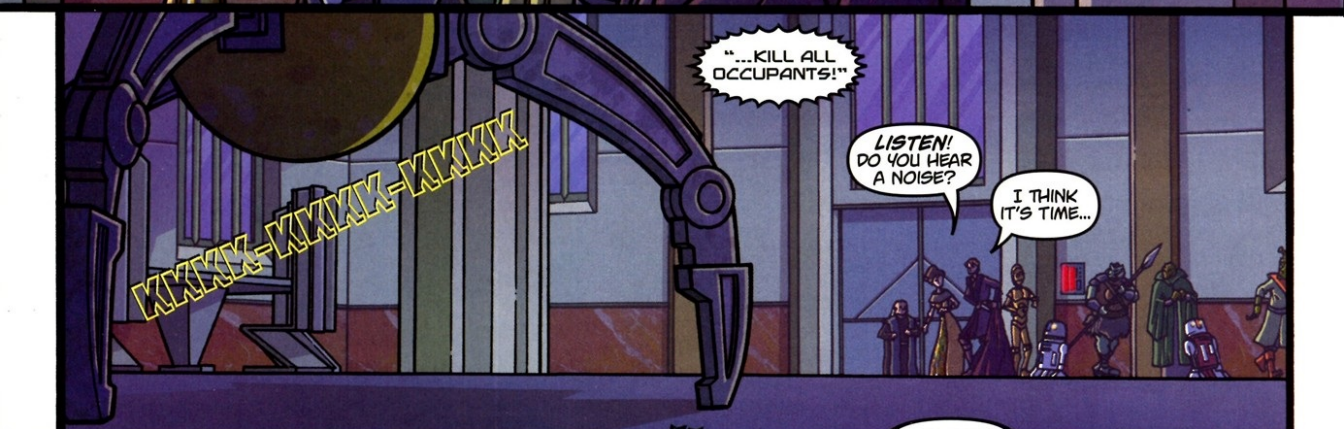
FA-WOOP!

MISTRESS AMIDALA,
ARTOO SAYS THE
PEACE NEGOTIATIONS
ARE STARTING NOW.

WE SHOULD
HURRY.











...HEARRGH!

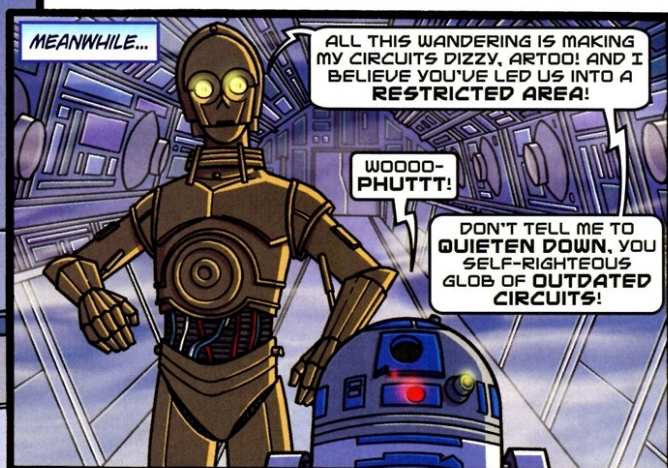
THAT **GARBAGE DROID** JUST PICKED UP SENATOR AMIDALA!



THAT'S NOT JUST A GARBAGE DROID, CAPTAIN BEETILLES--IT'S THE **INDUSTRIAL-STRENGTH** ONE THEY USE TO CLEAN THE **COMPACTOR**!

THEN IF WE DON'T GRAB HER SHE'LL BE CRUSHED INTO A **CUBE NO BIGGER'N MY THUMB!**

AIEEE!



MEANWHILE...

ALL THIS WANDERING IS MAKING MY CIRCUITS DIZZY, ARTOD! AND I BELIEVE YOU'VE LED US INTO A **RESTRICTED AREA!**

WOOOO-PHUTTT!

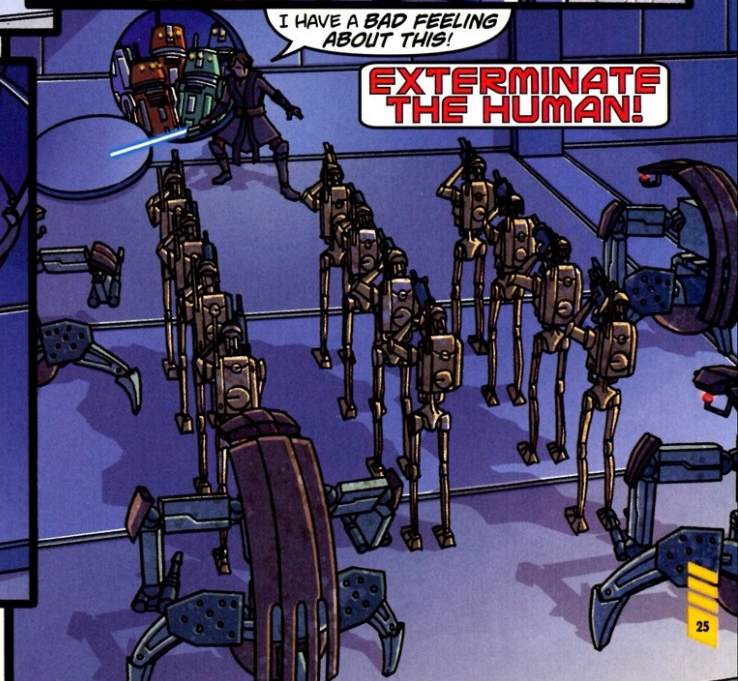
DON'T TELL ME TO **QUIETEN DOWN**, YOU SELF-RIGHTEOUS GLOB OF **OUTDATED CIRCUITS!**



ELSEWHERE...

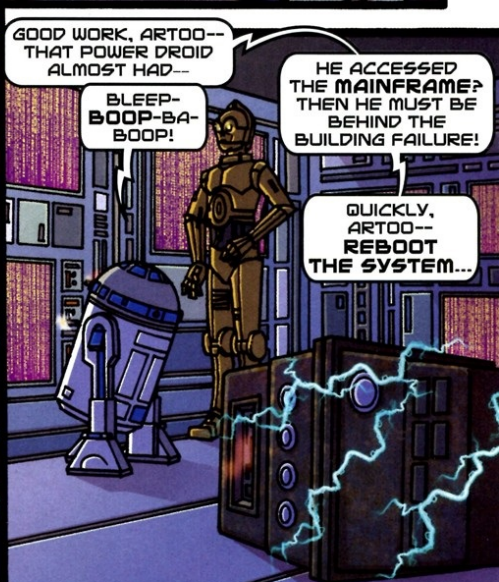
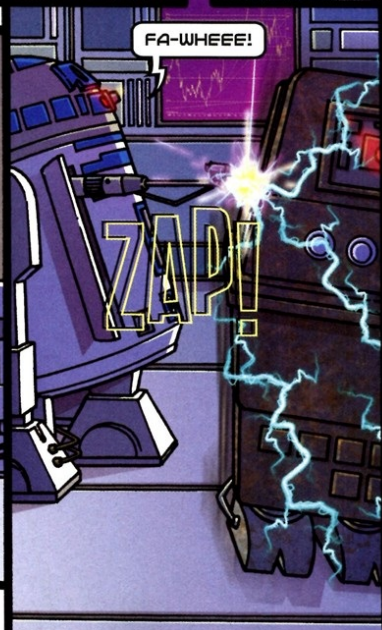
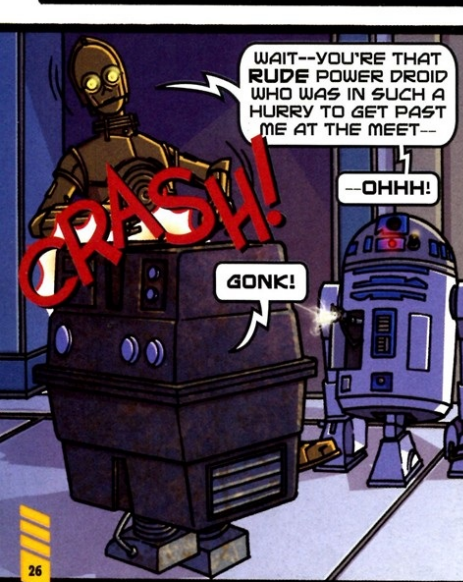
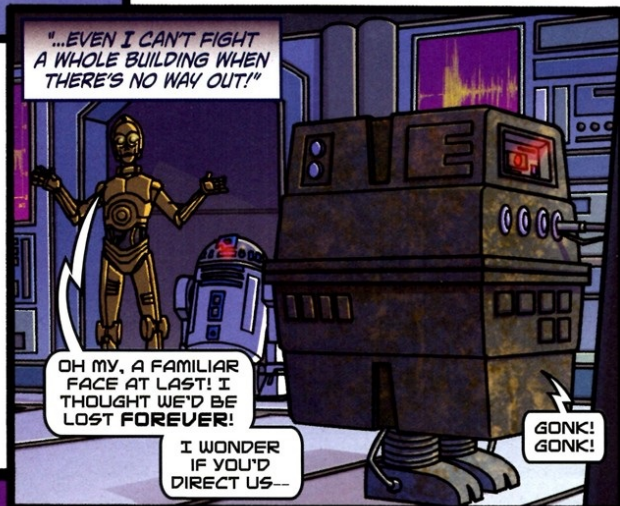
GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THESE **ROGUE NAV DROIDS** PILOT ME STRAIGHT TO AN **EARLY GRAVE!**

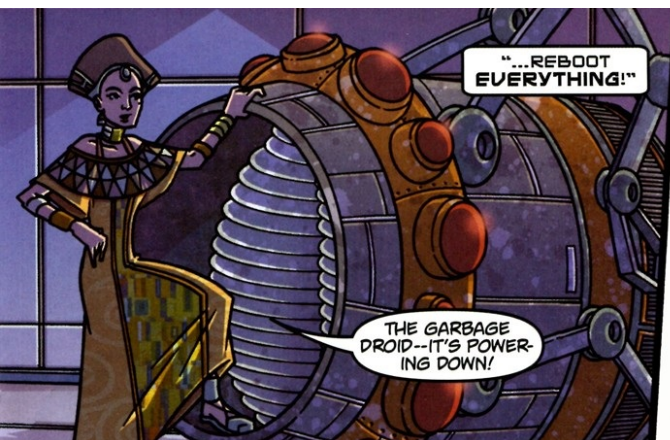
SHANNING



I HAVE A **BAD FEELING** ABOUT THIS!

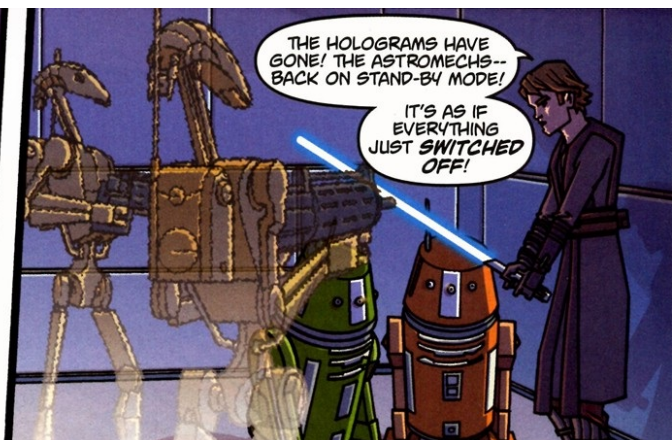
EXTERMINATE THE HUMAN!





"...REBOOT EVERYTHING!"

THE GARBAGE DROID--IT'S POWERING DOWN!



THE HOLOGRAMS HAVE GONE! THE ASTROMECHS--BACK ON STAND-BY MODE!

IT'S AS IF EVERYTHING JUST SWITCHED OFF!



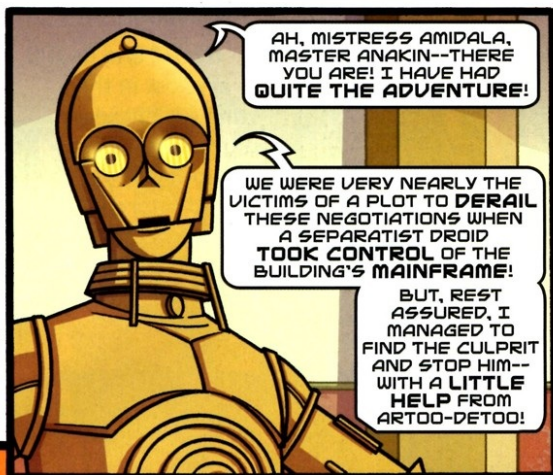
SHORTLY...

JUST BECAUSE I'M NOT A JEDI! DOESN'T MEAN I CAN'T HANDLE A FEW WILFUL DROIDS, ANI...

GREAT JOB TAKING CARE OF THE OTHER DIPLOMATS, PADMÉ--I BET THEY'LL LISTEN TO YOU NOW!



...OR A WILFUL HUSBAND!



AH, MISTRESS AMIDALA, MASTER ANAKIN--THERE YOU ARE! I HAVE HAD QUITE THE ADVENTURE!

WE WERE VERY NEARLY THE VICTIMS OF A PLOT TO DERAIL THESE NEGOTIATIONS WHEN A SEPARATIST DROID TOOK CONTROL OF THE BUILDING'S MAINFRAME!

BUT, REST ASSURED, I MANAGED TO FIND THE CULPRIT AND STOP HIM--WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM ARTOO-DETOO!



GREAT WORK, THREEPIO. WHERE'S ARTOO NOW?

HE'S BRINGING THE BUILDING BACK ONLINE--SAFELY THIS TIME!

THE LIGHTS ARE COMING BACK ON! NOW LET'S GET BACK TO WORK, PEOPLE--WE'VE WASTED ENOUGH OF THE DAY ALREADY!

COULD SOMEONE PLEASE TURN THE HEATING ON?



WELL, WE MANAGED TO GET A FEW MOMENTS TOGETHER AFTER ALL, ANAKIN!

I ONLY WISH THE WAR WOULD STOP FOR US, PADMÉ--

--WHICH IS WHY WE MUST WIN IT.

END!

FAR FROM THE POLLUTED SURFACE OF THE PLANET DURO, ORBITING THE WASTELAND AMONG ITS FELLOW GUARDIANS, FLOATS THE SPACE CITY OF NEW TAYANA...

IT IS CALLED "HOME" BY THOSE FLEEING THE DANGERS OF THE PLANET'S INHOSPITABLE SURFACE. MOST ARRIVE IN NEW TAYANA GLOWING WITH THE POSSIBILITIES OF A NEW LIFE-- EAGER FOR A FRESH START.

MOST...BUT NOT ALL...

--AND I'M SAYING THIS TRIP IS A WASTE OF GOOD CREDITS!

BANE VS ...BANE?

WRITER
ROBIN ETHERINGTON
ARTIST
BOB MOLESWORTH

COLORIST
DIGIKORE
LETTERER
JON CHAPPLE

DOCKING BAY
TH X-11-38.

WE COULD BE ON A REAL JOB MAKING REAL COIN, BUT YOU'D RATHER ENJOY A "FRIENDS AND FAMILY" REUNION!

I DIDN'T SIGN UP WITH THIS CREW TO--

LURRRK!

AS FAR AS I'M AWARE, YOU NEVER SIGNED ANYTHING...

WHICH MEANS I'M CONTRACTUALLY WITHIN MY RIGHTS TO KILL YOU ANY TIME I LIKE, DENGAR!

URGGLE

YESH--
YESH,
BANE...

GAHH!







THANK YOU FOR THE INFORMATION, GENTLEMEN. THAT WASN'T SO HARD. NOW, WAS IT?



B-B-OY... HE SURE W-WANTS THIS B-BOUNTY...

HE'S WELCOME TO IT, SHERIFF!

I D-DON'T FIND HIM SO F-FUNNY NO MORE...



AND SO, IN THE BAD PART OF TOWN...

WHO'D'VE THOUGHT I'D FIND MYSELF BACK IN THE DESCENT GHETTO!

HOME, STINKY HOME!



NOW TO GET MY TROUBLE-SOME QUARRY'S ATTENTION!



CAD BANE! I'M CALLING YOU OUT!

IT'S TIME FOR A RECKONING! THERE'S ONLY ROOM IN THIS GALAXY FOR ONE OF US!

AND THAT "ONE" IN QUESTION IS ME, FRIEND--BUT I'M QUITE COMFORTABLE WHERE I AM...



...SO WHY DON'T YOU COME UP HERE AND GET ME!



HAVE IT YOUR WAY...

...THIS SHOULDN'T TAKE TOO LONG!



SNAP!

CHARGING INTO BATTLE? THAT'S EXACTLY THE SORT OF FOOLISH TACTIC THE REAL BANE LOVES TO PUNISH!



LET 'IM 'AVE IT, BOYS!



DODGE THIS, SLIME BALL!

BRANKKAKAKAKABR



I GUESS YOUR BOSS NEVER TAUGHT YOU WORMS THE FINER POINTS OF URBAN WAR-FARE--



--SO ALLOW ME TO CORRECT HIS MISTAKE.



HE'S...HE'S FLYING!

BRING HIM DOWN!

BRING HIM DOOOOWN!

BRANKKAKAKAKA!



AND SO BEGAN
THE BATTLE OF
CAD BANE'S LIFE...



...FLOOR BY FLOOR--
DEPARTMENT BY DEPARTMENT--
DROID BY MONSTER BY HORROR...



...ONWARDS HE FOUGHT--
AND UPWARDS, EVER UPWARDS...



...UNTIL
FINALLY...



IT'S...IT'S NOT **POSSIBLE!**
STAY AWAY, BANE!

**ALL
DONE!**

**STAY
AWAY!**



OH, BUT I
**HAVE STAYED
AWAY!**

AND WHAT'S
MORE, I NEVER
HAD ANY INTENTION
OF RETURNING TO
THIS FLOATING
**GARBAGE
BARGE.**



BUT THEN I RECEIVED THIS **BOUNTY
NOTICE** AND DISCOVERED MY
ONE-TIME **BEST FRIEND**
HAD SET UP A BUSINESS
PRETENDING TO BE **ME!**

YOU'VE USED
MY REPUTATION
TO FORGE YOUR OWN
LITTLE EMPIRE, **SOOPAN!**



I...I JUST WANTED A TASTE OF
REAL **POWER!** YOU'D BEEN GONE
SO LONG THAT NO-ONE COULD
REMEMBER YOUR **FACE**--BUT
YOUR **NAME** STILL SCARES
EVERYONE SILLY!

YOU HAVE
TO **EARN** THE
RIGHT TO STEAL
SOMETHING OF
THAT VALUE,
SOOPAN.

NOW, IN MEMORY
OF BETTER TIMES,
I'M GOING TO GRANT
YOU ONE LAST **SHOT** AT
"POWER". YOU DECIDE
HOW THIS STORY ENDS.



TH-THANK
YOU, CAP--IF THE
T-TRUTH CAME OUT
I'D B-BE RUINED
ANYWAY.

THIS IS
M-MORE THAN I
D-DESERVE...



LATER, BACK AT
THE DOCKING BAY...

(BANE?
MAMBAV?)*

WHEN THE
DUST SETTLED, THERE
WAS ONLY **ONE** BANE
STANDING, **TTEKKET**--
AND HE'S IN NO MOOD
TO CELEBRATE.

FIRE UP THE
SHIP. LET'S GO FIND
AN HONEST CRIME
TO COMMIT.

* TRANSLATION:
"BANE? OKAY?"



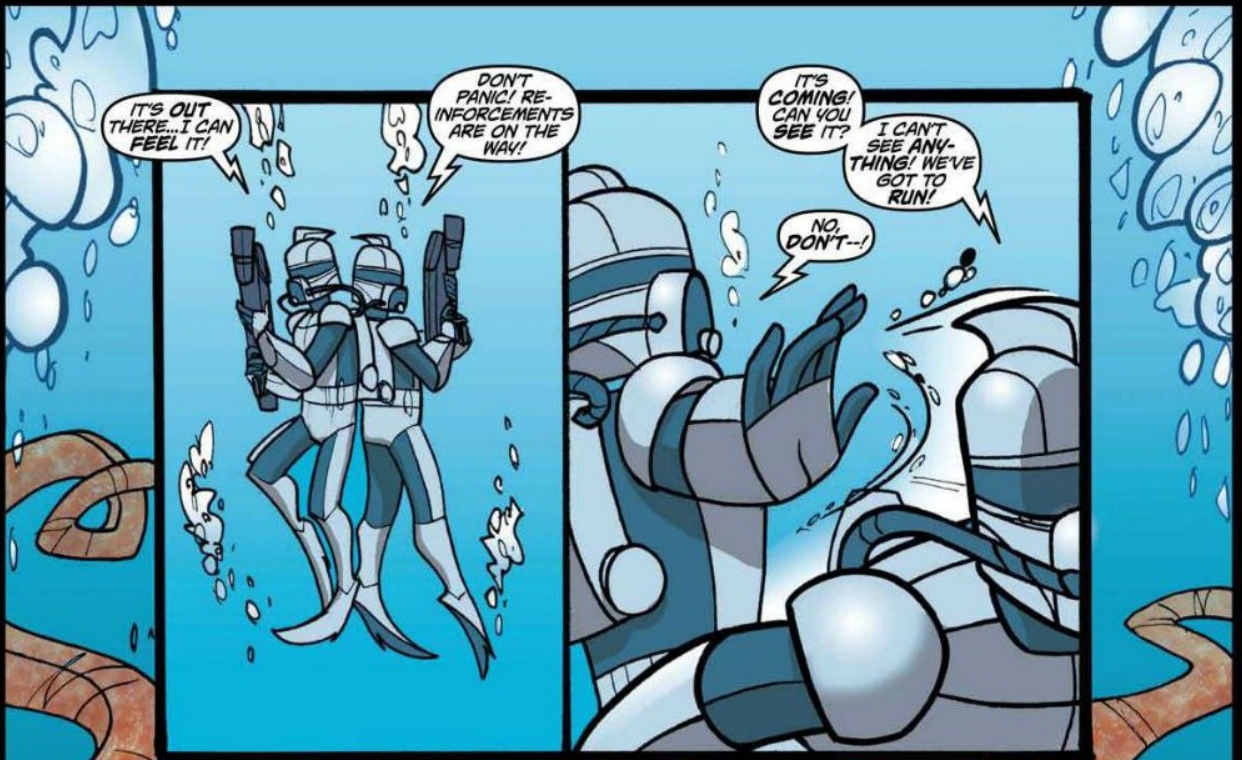
I JUST DON'T
GET IT, SHERIFF--
HE TEARS DOWN OUR
HOUSE TO **GET** THE JOB,
THEN REFUSES THE
CREDITS WHEN
IT'S **DONE!**

YEP, HE
WAS A STRANGE
ONE, ALRIGHT...

...BUT THE
UNCLAIMED CASH
FROM THAT BOUNTY
SHOULD JUST ABOUT
COVER THE COSTS
OF THE **DAMAGE**
HE DID.

IN MY BOOK,
THAT'S A **HAPPY
ENDING!**

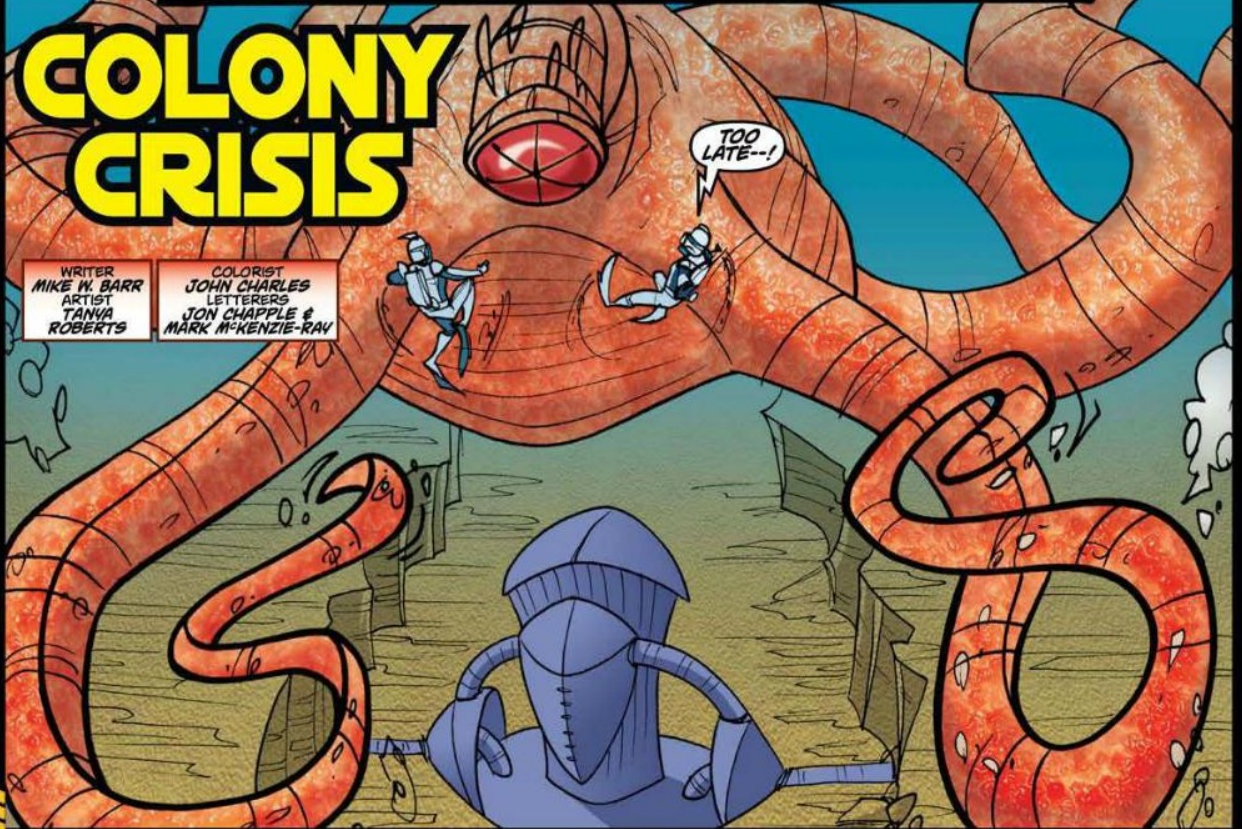
END!



COLONY CRISIS

WRITER
MIKE W. BARR
ARTIST
TANYA
ROBERTS

COLORIST
JOHN CHARLES
LETTERS
JON CHAPPLE &
MARK MCKENZIE-RAV





"WE BUILT THIS UNDERWATER BASE TO PROTECT OUR OCEANS FROM SEPARATIST INFILTRATION! IF THEY'VE FOUND SOME WAY OF CONTROLLING THESE MONSTERS..."

"IT MAY BE THAT WE WARRIORS HAVE DONE ALL WE CAN DO, CAPTAIN! I SUGGEST WE TRY--"

"--A MORE SCIENTIFIC APPROACH."

WELL, DR OKARA?

NOTHING, MASTER KENOBI! NONE OF THE MANY FREQUENCIES I'VE EXPOSED THE DIANOSA TO HAVE CAUSED ANY KIND OF RESPONSE!

RELEASE US, FOUR-LIMBS! SET US FREE!

DOCTOR, DO YOU HEAR--?

I HEARD NOTHING! IF YOU WILL EXCUSE ME, I WILL RETURN TO MY OTHER RESEARCH!

FAIR ENOUGH, DOCTOR--BUT I KNOW A VOICE CALLING THROUGH THE FORCE WHEN I HEAR IT...

...AND IT IS MY DUTY TO ANSWER IT!

MINUTES FEEL LIKE HOURS AS OBI-WAN SWIMS, FOLLOWING THE "VOICE" OF THE TINY CREATURE. UNTIL...

WHAT IN THE BLAZES...? IT'S INCREDIBLE!

NO, FOUR-LIMBS...

...IT IS SIMPLY... WE!

SOME KIND OF HUGE COLONY CREATURE, MADE OF BILLIONS OF INDIVIDUAL CELLS...

YOU MUST UNDERSTAND--WE MEAN YOU NO HARM...!

NOR DO YOU UNDERSTAND--

--WE DO MEAN YOU HARM!

AGGGGGH!

BE SILENT AND LEARN!

FOR TIME BEYOND KNOWING, WE LIVED IN THAT SEA, IN AN AREA THAT BROUGHT US FOOD AND WARMTH. FOR TIME BEYOND KNOWING, WE WERE CONTENT...

...UNTIL THE FOUR-LIMBS CAME! THEY BUILT OVER OUR HOME, ALMOST DESTROYING US. WITH OUR FOOD TAKEN, WE NEEDED MORE.

WE FOUND THE DIANOCA WERE MOST SUGGESTIBLE--WE COULD BOND WITH THEM...CONTROL THEM. THEY BROUGHT US FOOD...

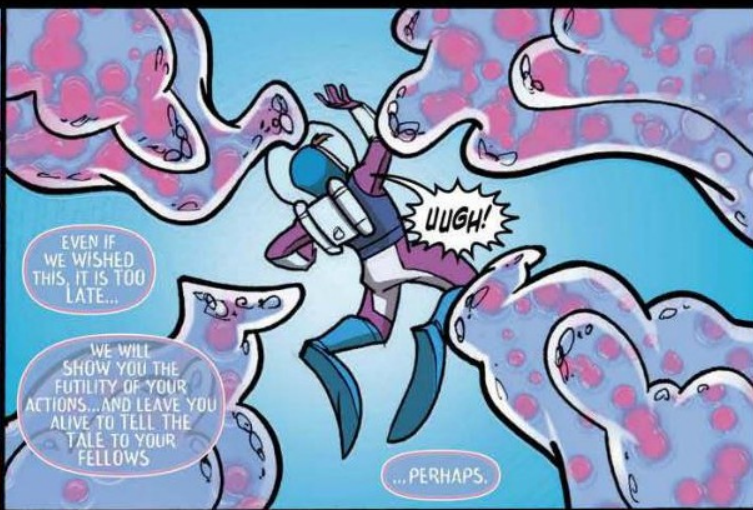
...AND REVENGE. WE WILL USE THEM TO DESTROY THE FOUR-LIMBS--

--AS YOU FOUR-LIMBS DESTROYED US.

NO!



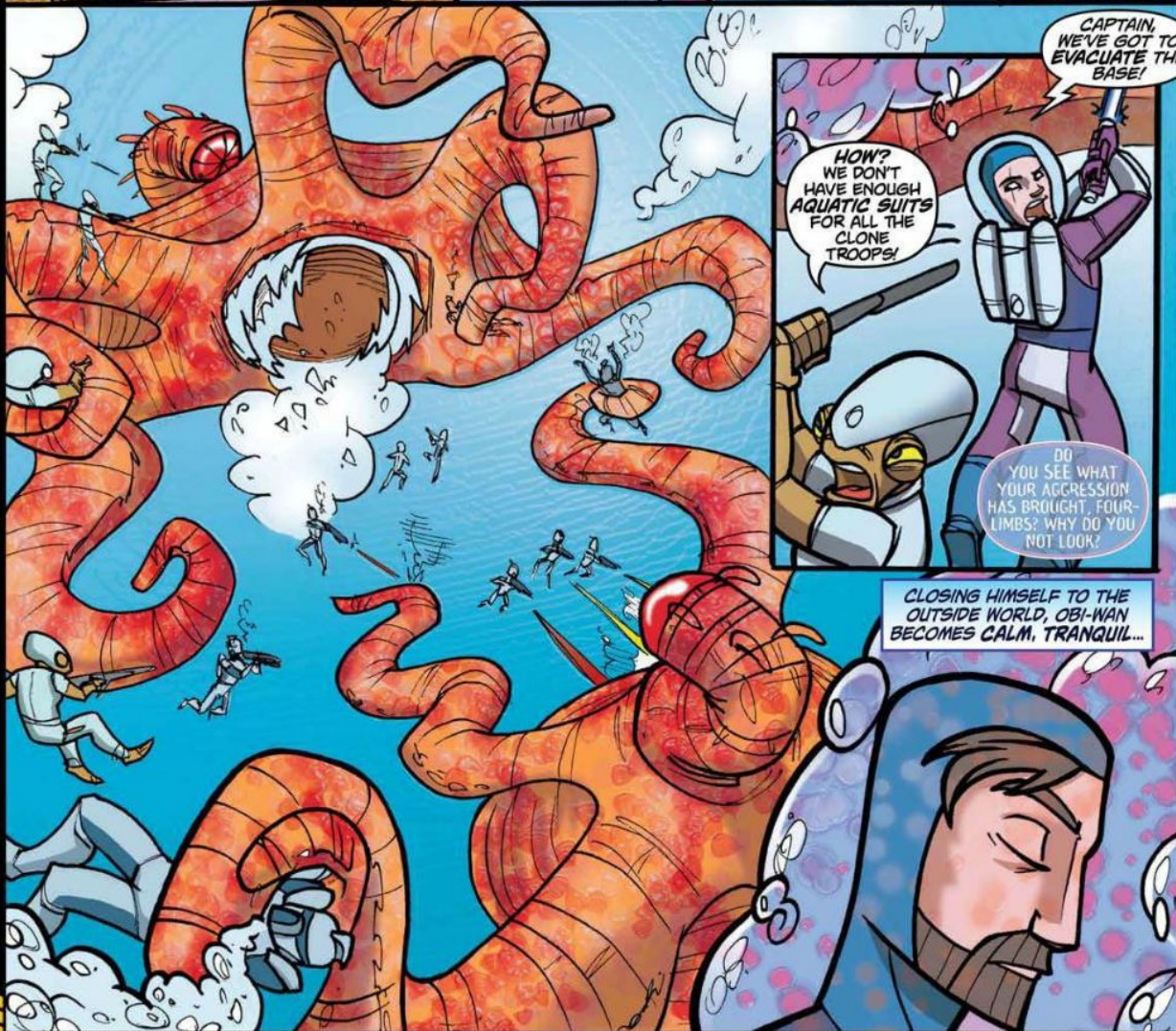
YOU MUST UNDERSTAND-- WE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW YOU EXISTED! LET US DISCUSS THIS... WE WILL MAKE AMENDS...!



EVEN IF WE WISHED THIS, IT IS TOO LATE...

WE WILL SHOW YOU THE FUTILITY OF YOUR ACTIONS... AND LEAVE YOU ALIVE TO TELL THE TALE TO YOUR FELLOWS

...PERHAPS.

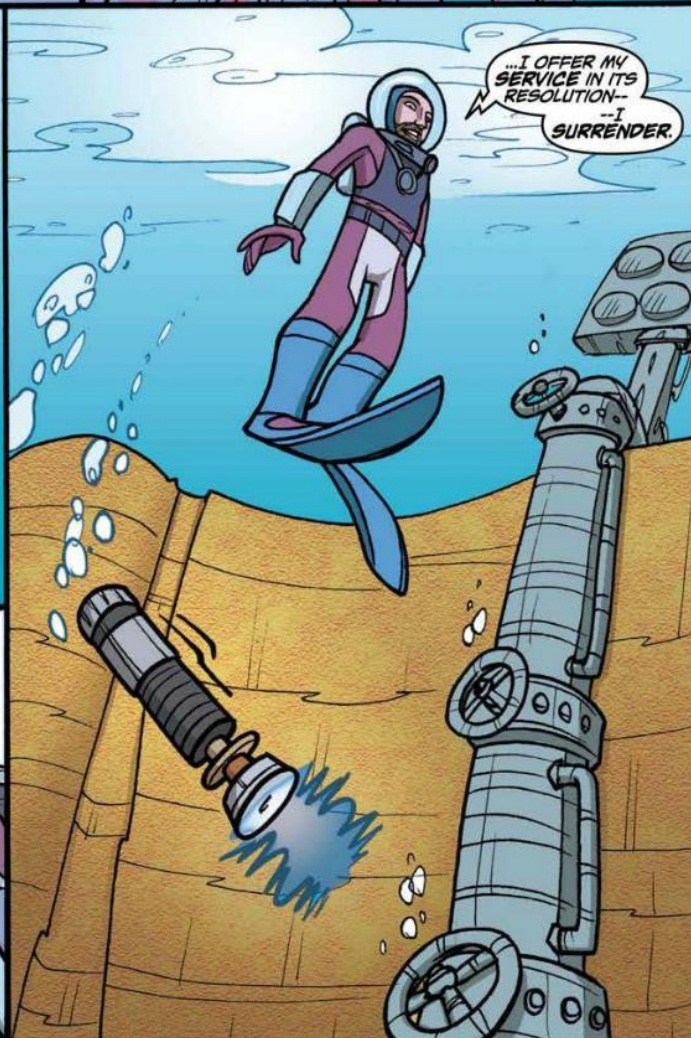


CAPTAIN, WE'VE GOT TO EVACUATE THE BASE!

HOW? WE DON'T HAVE ENOUGH AQUATIC SUITS FOR ALL THE CLONE TROOPS!

DO YOU SEE WHAT YOUR AGGRESSION HAS BROUGHT, FOUR-LIMBS? WHY DO YOU NOT LOOK?

CLOSING HIMSELF TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD, OBI-WAN BECOMES CALM, TRANQUIL...





AS CAPTAIN ACKBAR AND THE CREATURE DISCUSS A PEACEFUL RESOLUTION...

SO, DO YOU THINK WE MAY FIND PEACE?

I THINK WE HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE—WE EITHER COEXIST OR PERISH!



...OBI-WAN SEARCHES FOR AN OBJECT HE HAS "MISLAID"...

I KNOW IT'S AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE...

GENERAL KENOBI! WE HAVE REACHED AN AGREEMENT!

WE WILL RELOCATE THE BASE TO ACCOMMODATE THE COLONY CREATURE--



--AND THE COLONY CREATURE HAS AGREED TO JOIN THE SEARCH FOR INVADING SEPARATISTS!

THAT'S WONDERFUL, CAPTAIN! IF ONLY ALL GALACTIC CONFLICTS WERE SETTLED AS EASILY...

I KNOW IT'S AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE...



PARDON ME, MASTER JEDI...

SHUULLLRRRK



...IS THIS WHAT YOU WERE LOOKING FOR?

THANK YOU! I LOOK FORWARD TO FURTHER CO-OPERATION BETWEEN OUR PEOPLE!



SO, CAN WE EXPECT TO SEE YOU AGAIN, MASTER JEDI?

WELL, TODAY'S EVENTS HAVE LEFT ME FEELING A LITTLE LIKE A FISH OUT OF WATER...

IT MIGHT BE A WHILE BEFORE I GET MY SEA LEGS AGAIN!

END!

THERE IS AN OLD REPUBLIC SAYING,
POPULAR AMONG SENATE HARDLINERS:
"WAR IS THE HIGH PRICE OF PEACE."



ZATCH
TO TEAM
DOSHO--
GO WHEN
READY.



...FOUR
WEEKS OF FIRE-
FIGHT AND NOT A
SCRATCH ON MY
FLIGHT SUIT!

IT'S
PROBABLY
WHY WE GOT
THIS GIG. I'M
BLESSED, I
TELL YOU.

SHOVE
A CORK IN IT,
VHALL! YOU KEEP
ON LIKE THAT AND
YOU'RE GONNA
JINX US ALL...

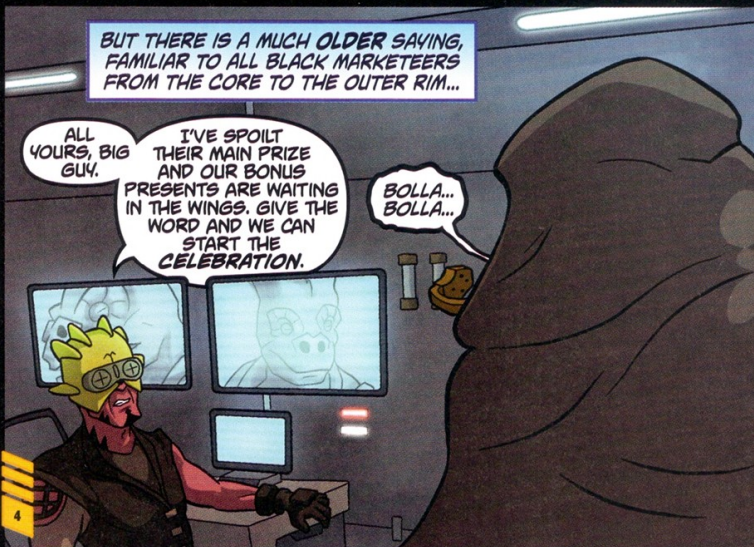


OH, YOU'RE
RIGHT ABOUT
THAT!

GAAH?!



TEAM DOSHO TO
MOBILE COMMAND--
HONOR GUARD IS
SECURED.



BUT THERE IS A MUCH OLDER SAYING,
FAMILIAR TO ALL BLACK MARKEETEERS
FROM THE CORE TO THE OUTER RIM...

ALL
YOURS, BIG
GUY.

I'VE SPOILT
THEIR MAIN PRIZE
AND OUR BONUS
PRESENTS ARE WAITING
IN THE WINGS. GIVE THE
WORD AND WE CAN
START THE
CELEBRATION.

BOLLA...
BOLLA...

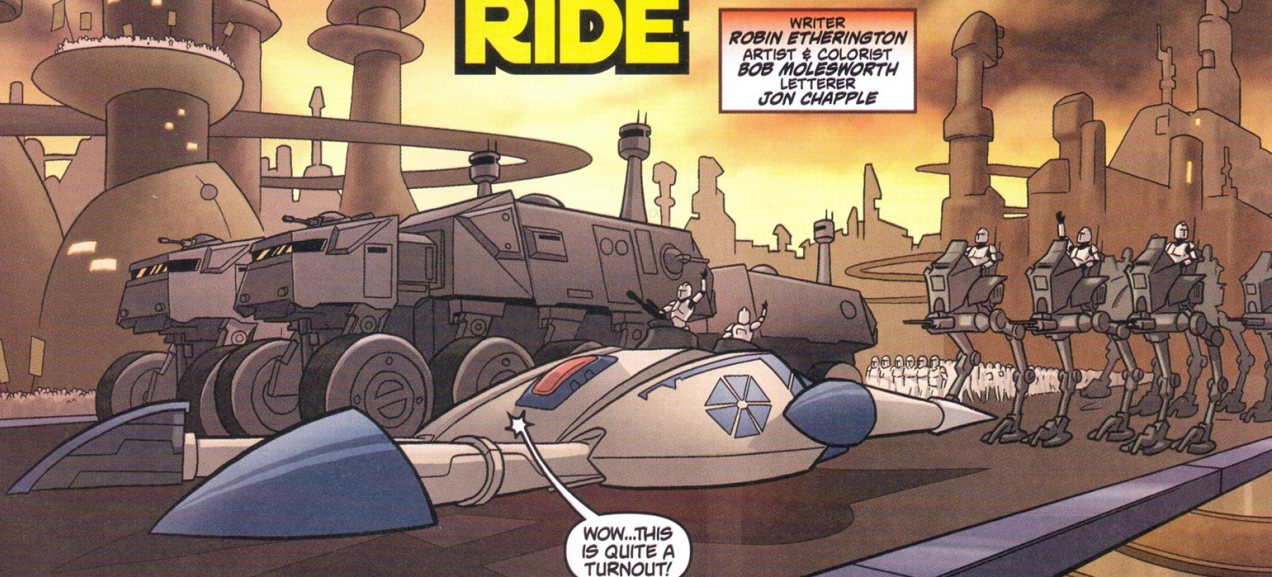


...*"WAR IS BUSINESS,
AND BUSINESS IS GOOD."*

MOUNT
UP, BOYS! IT'S
TIME WE SENT
THESE REPUBLIC
DOGS A LESSON
THEY'LL NEVER
FORGET!

THE RUNAWAY RIDE

WRITER
ROBIN ETHERINGTON
ARTIST & COLORIST
BOB MOLESWORTH
LETTERER
JON CHAPPLE



WOW...THIS
IS QUITE A
TURNOUT!

THANKFULLY,
JEDI, IT IS
NOT OFTEN THAT WE
NOTHOINS FIND OUR
HOME OVERRUN BY
DROIDS, BUT WE
CERTAINLY KNOW HOW
TO CELEBRATE THE
DAY OF ITS SAFE
RETURN.

AND HOW
TO THANK THOSE
RESPONSIBLE.

TROOV, THIS SUCCESS IS AS MUCH DUE
TO YOUR SWOOP RIDERS AND THEIR
AERIAL SKILLS AS ANYTHING WE
ACHIEVED ON THE GROUND.

WE'D
HAVE BEEN
SLAUGHTERED
WITHOUT YOUR
KNOWLEDGE
AND SUPPORT.

PERHAPS.
BUT HIT-AND-
RUN SORTIES DO
NOT LIBERATE CITIES.
NOR DO THEY CAPTURE
REMARKABLE
VEHICLES SUCH
AS THIS.

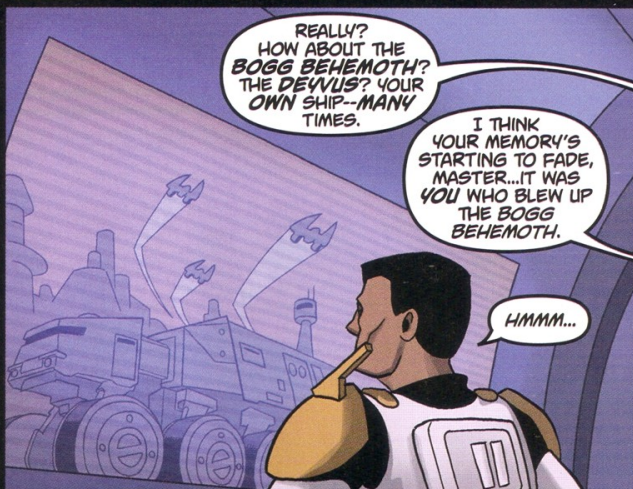
WE DIDN'T ACTUALLY **CAPTURE** IT,
GENERAL. WE JUST FOUND IT
SORT OF, UH, WAITING FOR
US, IN THE SEPARATISTS'
STAGING GROUND.

LARGELY
BECAUSE IT'S
ENTIRELY
EXPERIMENTAL,
AND THE SEPPIES
HADN'T EVEN UN-
PACKED IT.



YOU KNOW, I HAD MY RESERVATIONS ABOUT EVEN INCLUDING THIS THING IN THE PARADE. ANAKIN HAS A LONG AND COLORFUL HISTORY OF PLAYING BADLY WITH NEW HARDWARE... FOREIGN OR DOMESTIC...

HEY! ISN'T THAT A LITTLE UNFAIR?



REALLY? HOW ABOUT THE BOGG BEHEMOTH? THE DEYVUS? YOUR OWN SHIP--MANY TIMES.

I THINK YOUR MEMORY'S STARTING TO FADE, MASTER...IT WAS YOU WHO BLEW UP THE BOGG BEHEMOTH.

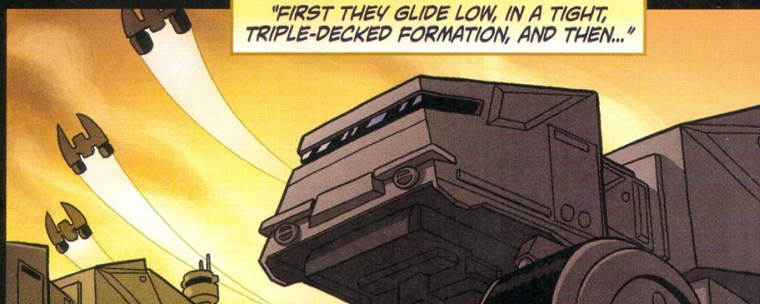
HMMM...



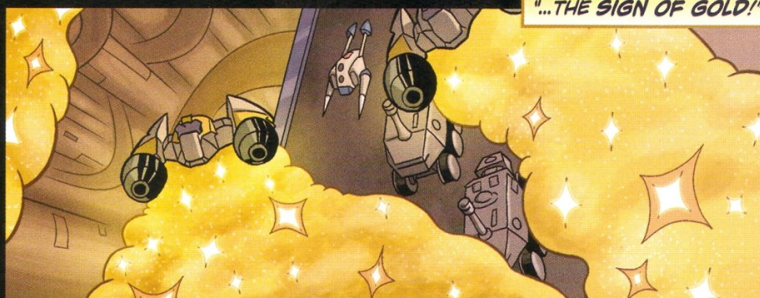
EXCUSE ME, GENERAL TROOV, BUT AREN'T YOUR RIDERS FLYING A LITTLE LOW?

NO, NO, IT'S ALL PART OF THE DISPLAY!

WATCH CAREFULLY, COMMANDER, FOR THIS IS THE SINGLE HIGHEST MARK OF RESPECT OUR PEOPLE CAN BESTOW.



"FIRST THEY GLIDE LOW, IN A TIGHT, TRIPLE-DECKED FORMATION, AND THEN..."



"...THE SIGN OF GOLD!"



ALTHOUGH MOST NOTHOIINS NOW SPEAK BASIC, OUR FIRST FORM OF COMMUNICATION IS SIGN LANGUAGE.

THE SYMBOL YOU SEE SIGNIFIES A PERMANENT UNITY BETWEEN OUR WORLD AND YOURS. IT BINDS US ALL TO A SHARED CAUSE.

YOU HONOR US, GENERAL.

BUT I'VE JUST ONE QUICK QUESTION--



"--IS IT SUPPOSED TO ACTUALLY BIND TO US? ONLY THE CROWD DOES NOT LOOK PARTICULARLY HAPPY..."

SCOUGH!

KAFF!

HACK!

THEY DROPPED IT TOO LOW--THEY'RE BLINDING THE CROWD!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND... I HAND-PICKED MY BEST RIDERS!

I'VE A NASTY FEELING THEY'RE **NOT** YOUR MEN. BUT WHOEVER THEY ARE, THEY'RE COMING BACK FOR ANOTHER PASS!

CODY, TAKE THE WHEEL! **OBI-WAN**, YOU'RE IN CHARGE OF THINGS ON THE GROUND!

I **KNOW** I AM! BUT WHAT ARE YOU--

NO, ANAKIN, WAIT JUST A SECOND...!

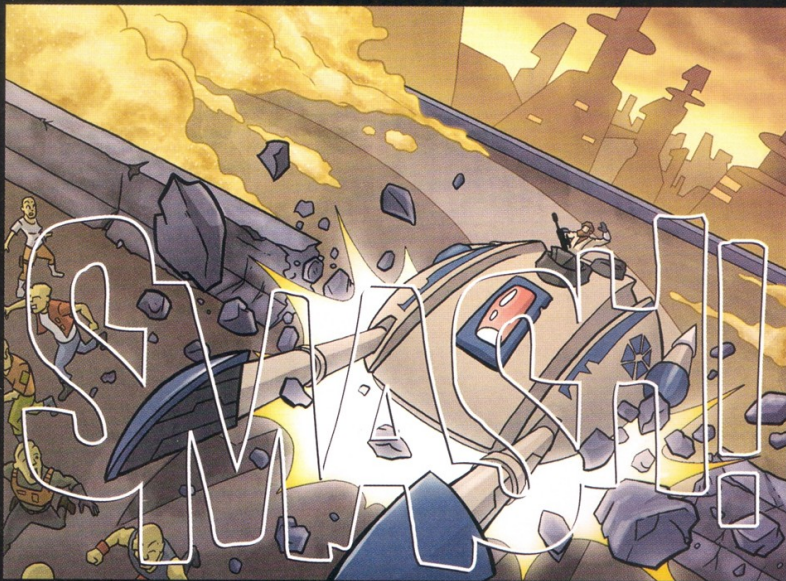
HUP!

GOTCHA!

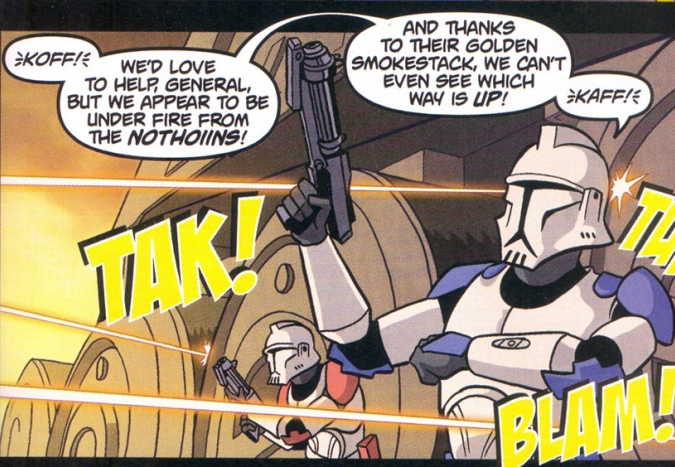
THAT JEDI OF YOURS CERTAINLY LIKES TO GET HIS HANDS DIRTY! A QUALITY WE NOTHOIINS ADMIREEEEE **AAAGH!!**

WHOA!

ER, GENERALS... I DON'T WANT TO SPOIL A GREAT DAY, AND I HATE TO ADD TO THE DRAMA, BUT I AM **NOT** IN CONTROL HERE-- THIS MACHINE APPEARS TO BE **DRIVING ITSELF!**



THIS IS
OBI-WAN TO
ALL PARADE
UNITS, REQUESTING
IMMEDIATE SUPPORT!
I'VE A **RUNAWAY
RIDE** THAT
NEEDS TO BE
STOPPED!



SKOFF!

WE'D LOVE
TO HELP GENERAL,
BUT WE APPEAR TO BE
UNDER FIRE FROM
THE **NOTHOINS!**

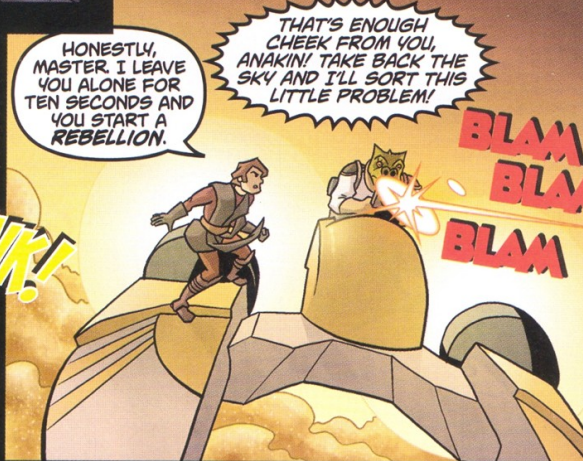
AND THANKS
TO THEIR GOLDEN
SMOKESTACK, WE CAN'T
EVEN SEE WHICH
WAY IS UP!

SKAFF!

TAK!

TUNK!

BLAM!



HONESTLY,
MASTER I LEAVE
YOU ALONE FOR
TEN SECONDS AND
YOU START A
REBELLION.

THAT'S ENOUGH
CHEEK FROM YOU,
ANAKIN! TAKE BACK THE
SKY AND I'LL SORT THIS
LITTLE PROBLEM!

**BLAM
BLAM
BLAM**



(HOHOHO...
NO...I DON'T
THINK SO!)*

GENERAL--
THE **MONITOR!**

I'D KNOW
THAT **BELLY**
LAUGH ANY-
WHERE...THIS DAY
JUST GETS
BETTER AND
BETTER...



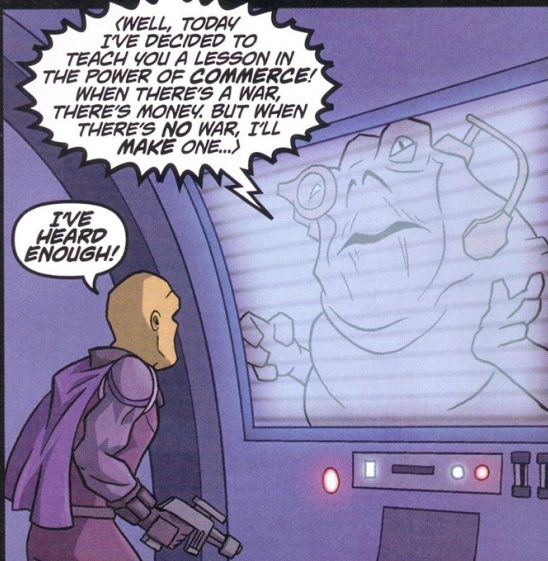
(I FIND IT
HARD TO FATHOM
JEDI, WHY YOU WOULD
VISIT THE **OUTER RIM**,
CONDUCT ANOTHER OF
YOUR WARS, ELIMINATE
COUNTLESS SEPARATISTS
AND NOT EVEN STOP
BY TO SAY
"HELLO".)

I'VE BEEN
RATHER **BUSH**,
GORGA.



(AS HAVE I!
FOR YEARS **NOTHOIN**
WAS THE CENTRE OF A VERY
PROFITABLE **BLACK MARKET**
OPERATION! BUT NOW, AFTER
ONE MONTH WITH YOUR
CLONES, I'M SUDDENLY
OUT OF BUSINESS!)

*TRANSLATED
FROM **HUTTESE.**



(IT SEEMS YOUR SABOTAGE HAS FAILED, ZATCH! WELL, IF YOU CANNOT BRING ME WAR OR CHAOS...BRING ME THE HEAD OF A JEDI!!)

IT WILL BE MY PLEASURE! NEARING TARGET NOW...



AND THAT'S FOR SPOILING A NICE DAY OUT FOR ALL THE FAMILY!



PING!

ZAM!

THREE FOR THREE! SHOULD JUST ABOUT DO IT--

HUH?!

WHOA! I DON'T KNOW WHERE THIS PILOT CAME FROM, BUT I CAN NOT SHAKE HIM-- AND THESE SWOOPS AREN'T BUILT FOR THIS KIND OF PUNISHMENT!

TINK!

TIME FOR AN EMERGENCY STALL AND A SHORT FALL...

SPWEE!

NNNN!

LET'S SEE YOU OUT-MANEUVER THAT!



HE'S BLOCKED MY PATH WITH HIS SNOOP! THE JEDI'S USED HIS VEHICLE AS A WEAPON!





AAAAGH!
(THIS IS A
DISASTER!)

(FIRST
MY REMOTE-
CONTROLLED RIDE,
THEN MY MERCENARIES,
AND NOW I'VE LOST A
NEW BOUNTY HUNTER!
THEY DON'T COME
CHEAP!)

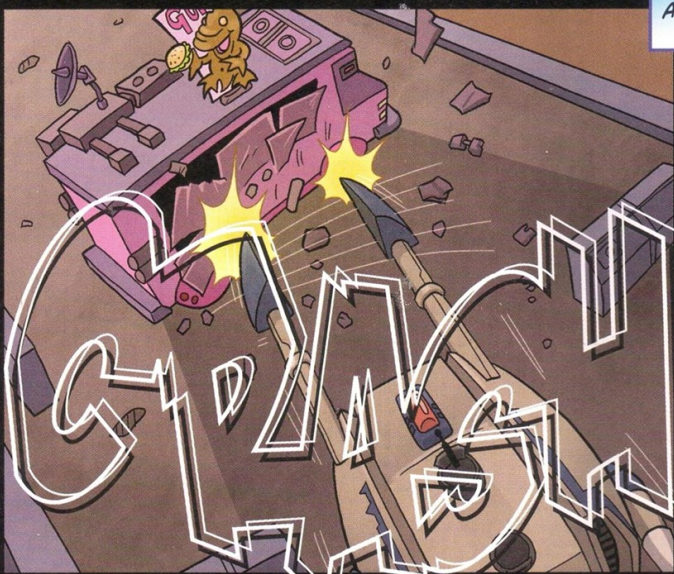


(WAIT A MINUTE--
THAT VEHICLE LOOKS
IDENTICAL TO THE ONE WE...
BUT...BUT IT COULDN'T BE!)

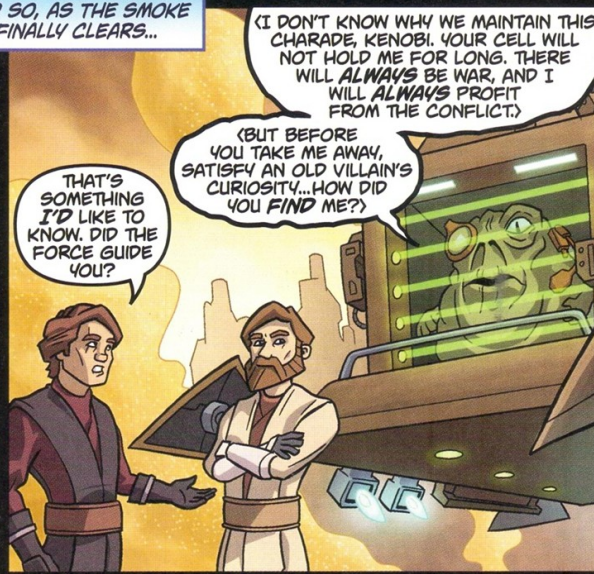
(THIS
MACHINE
APPEARS TO
BE HEADING
STRAIGHT
FOR--)



OH,
POODOO.



AND SO, AS THE SMOKE
FINALLY CLEARS...



(I DON'T KNOW WHY WE MAINTAIN THIS
CHARADE, KENOBI. YOUR CELL WILL
NOT HOLD ME FOR LONG. THERE
WILL **ALWAYS** BE WAR, AND I
WILL **ALWAYS** PROFIT
FROM THE CONFLICT.)

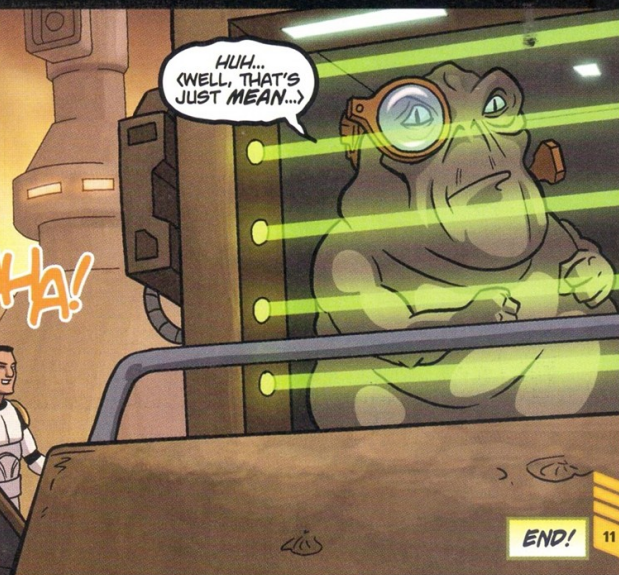
(BUT BEFORE
YOU TAKE ME AWAY,
SATISFY AN OLD VILLAIN'S
CURIOSITY...HOW DID
YOU FIND ME?)

THAT'S
SOMETHING
I'D LIKE TO
KNOW. DID THE
FORCE GUIDE
YOU?



NOT IN THE SLIGHTEST. ONCE WE REALISED YOU
HAD TO BE NEARBY IN ORDER TO USE YOUR
SHORT-RANGE CONTROL UNIT, WE SIMPLY
DROVE AROUND UNTIL WE FOUND A
PORTABLE CONTAINER **LARGE
ENOUGH** TO HOUSE YOU!

HAHAHAHA!

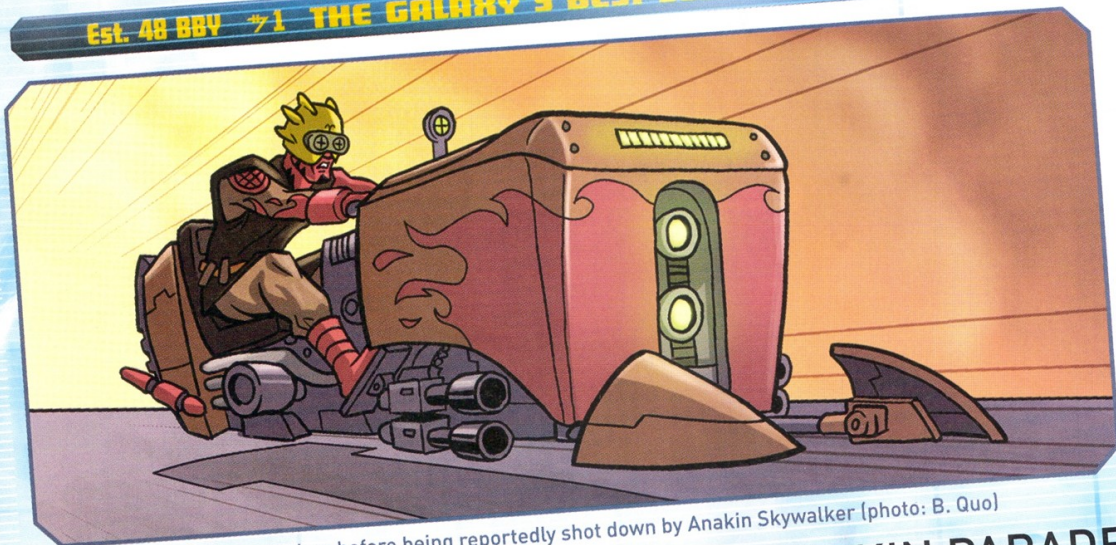


HUH...
(WELL, THAT'S
JUST MEAN...)

END!

THE CORUSCANT HOLO NET

Est. 48 BBY **THE GALAXY'S BEST-SELLING NEWSPAPER**



ON THE RUN?: Zatch, sometime before being reportedly shot down by Anakin Skywalker (photo: B. Quo)

MYSTERIOUS MERC CRASHES GOLDSKIN PARADE **WHO WAS "ZATCH"?**

By NIK KIGEE • Senior Reporter

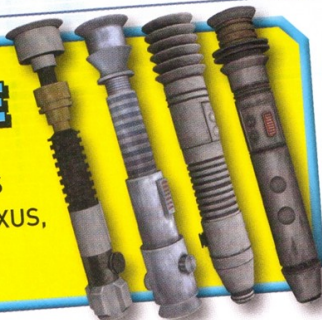
NOTHOIIN SYSTEM, yesterday – A parade celebrating Nothoiin's liberation from Separatist occupation ended in bloodshed after being ambushed by Trandoshan mercenaries. Hutt crime lord Gorga Desilijic Aarrpo and a bounty hunter in his employ – a red-skinned humanoid known only as "Zatch" – are thought to have ordered the attack.

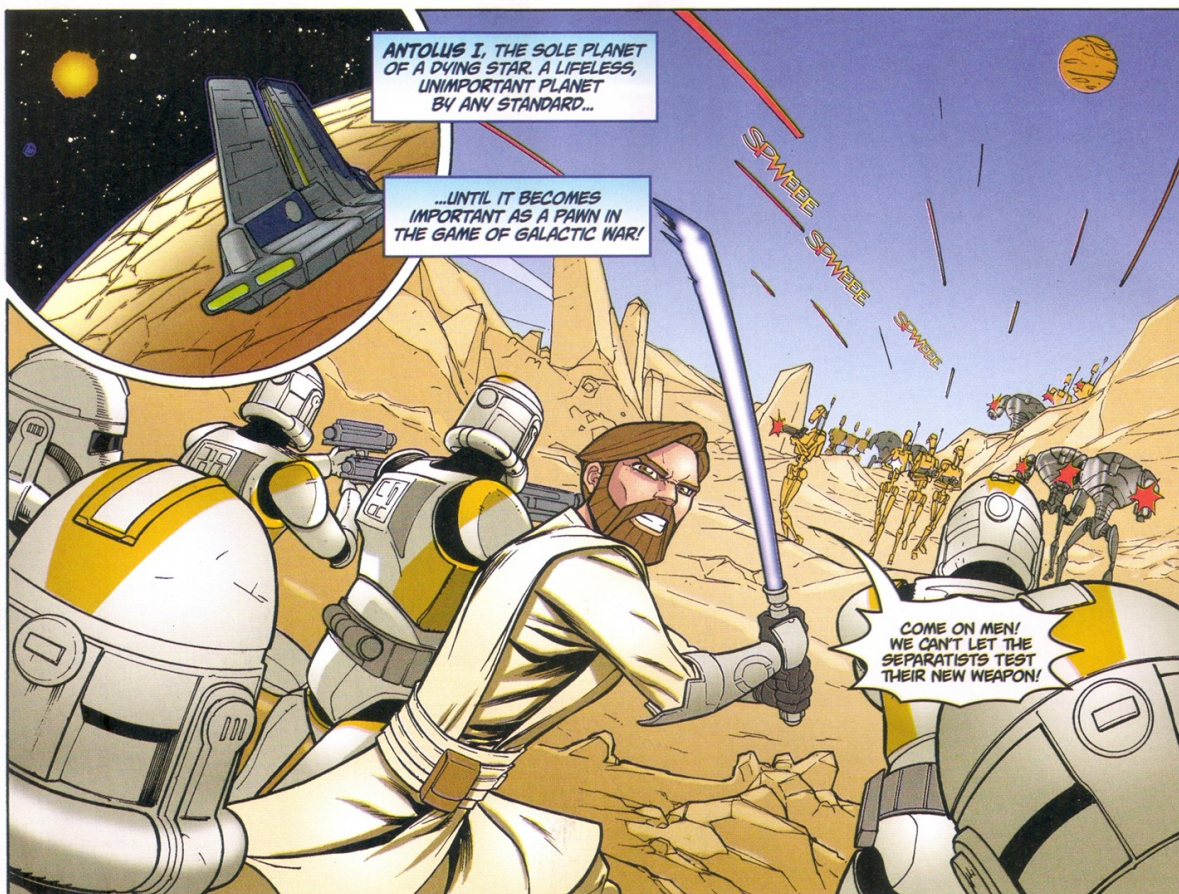
Gorga, an infamous mob boss known to the Galactic Senate, is now in Republic custody, but the whereabouts of his shadowy deputy remain unknown. Local resident Bola Quo reported seeing Zatch's unusual, flame-painted sloop "go down in a ball of flames" after coming under fire from Jedi Anakin Skywalker, but no remains of the bounty hunter or his bike were found at the scene.

Police believe Zatch could still be at large, and warn he is likely armed and dangerous. Any Galactic citizens with information should anonymously contact the Royal Nothoiin Constabulary.

FOR SALE

- JOB LOT OF LIGHTSABERS
- VARIOUS COLORS AND MODELS
- CALL SEPARATIST SENATE, RAXUS, ASK FOR "THE GENERAL"

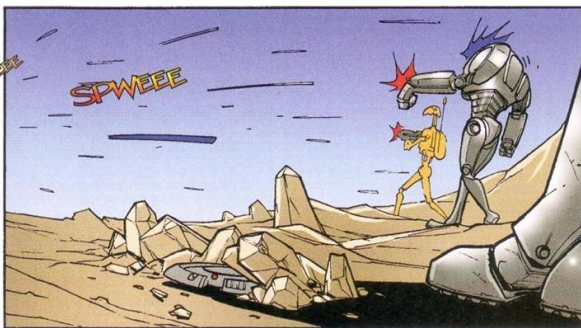


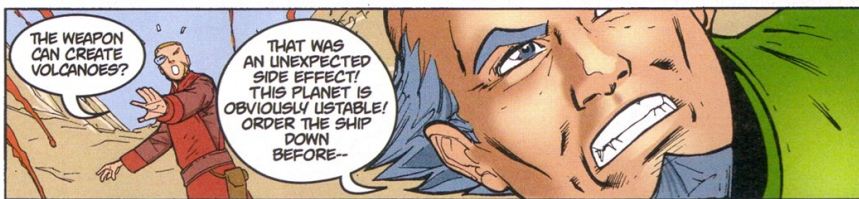


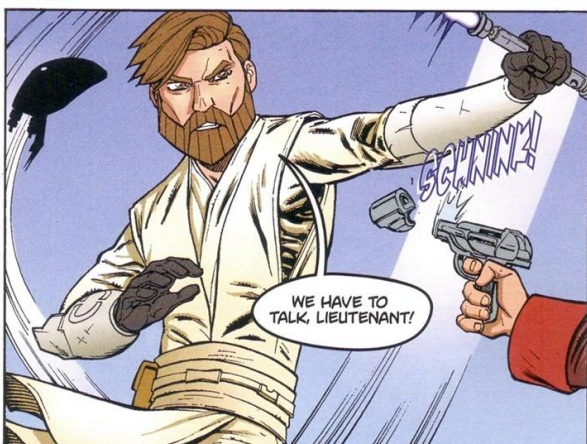
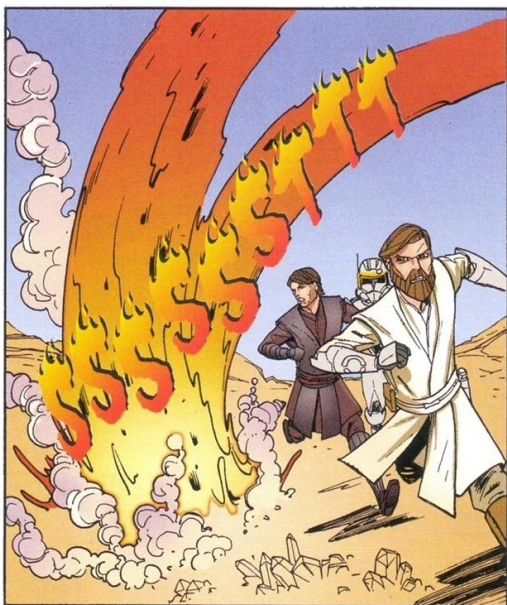
DEADLY ALLIES

WRITER MIKE W. BARR ARTIST ANDRES PONCE COLORIST JOHN CHARLES LETTERER GABRIELA HOUSTON



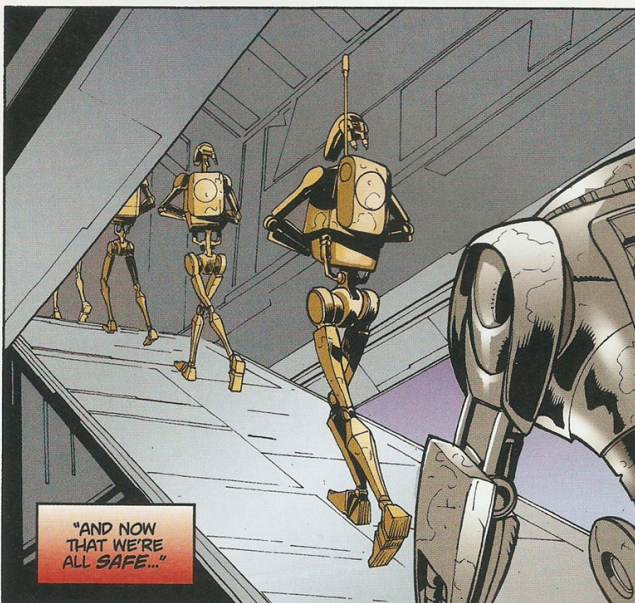
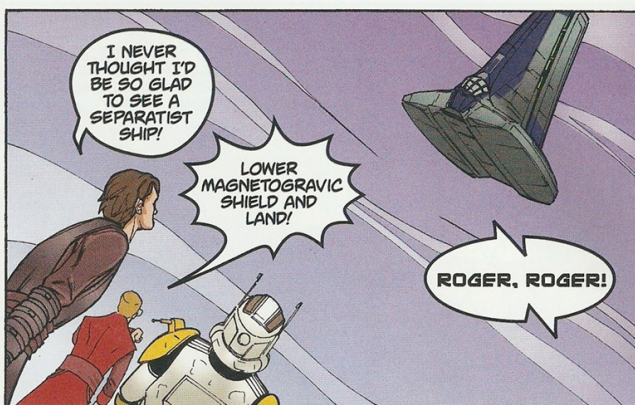


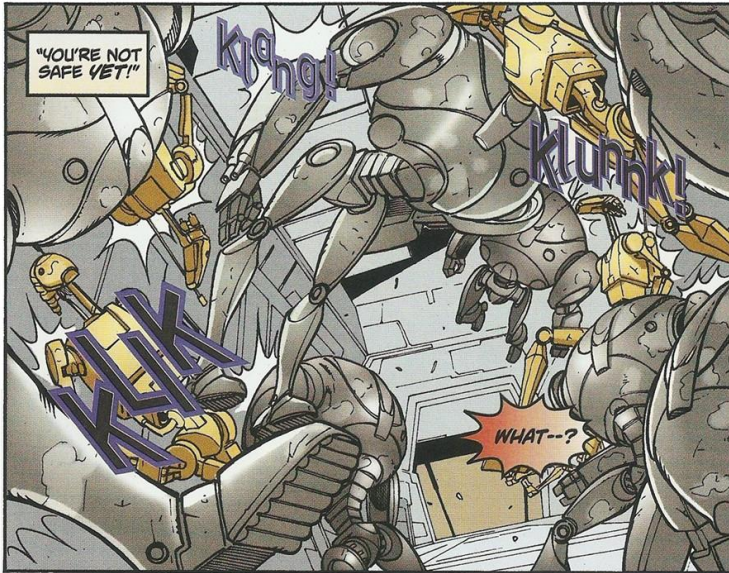












WRITER
RIK HOSKIN
ARTIST & COLORIST
BOB MOLESWORTH
LETTERER
GABRIELA HOUSTON

UPDATE

REPUBLIC TROOPS STAGE A DARING
RAID ON A SEPARATIST FACTORY IN
THE REMOTE OUTER RIM TERRITORIES,
STEALING AN ENCRYPTED FILE HELD
ON A DATA CHIP.



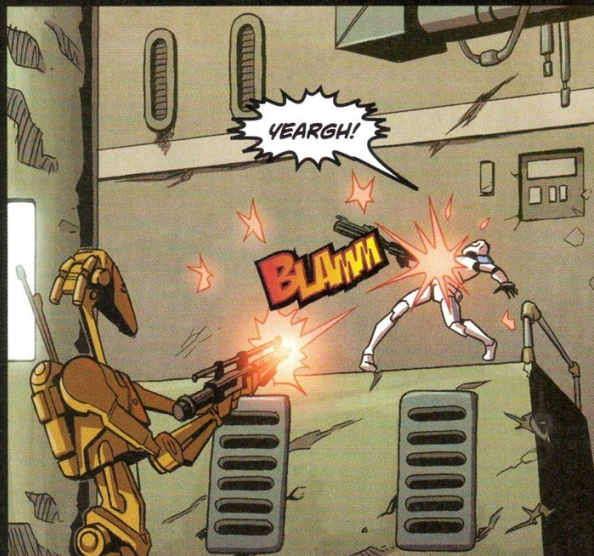
BATTLE DROIDS LOYAL TO THE SEPARATIST MOVEMENT ARE ORDERED TO RECOVER THE FILE.

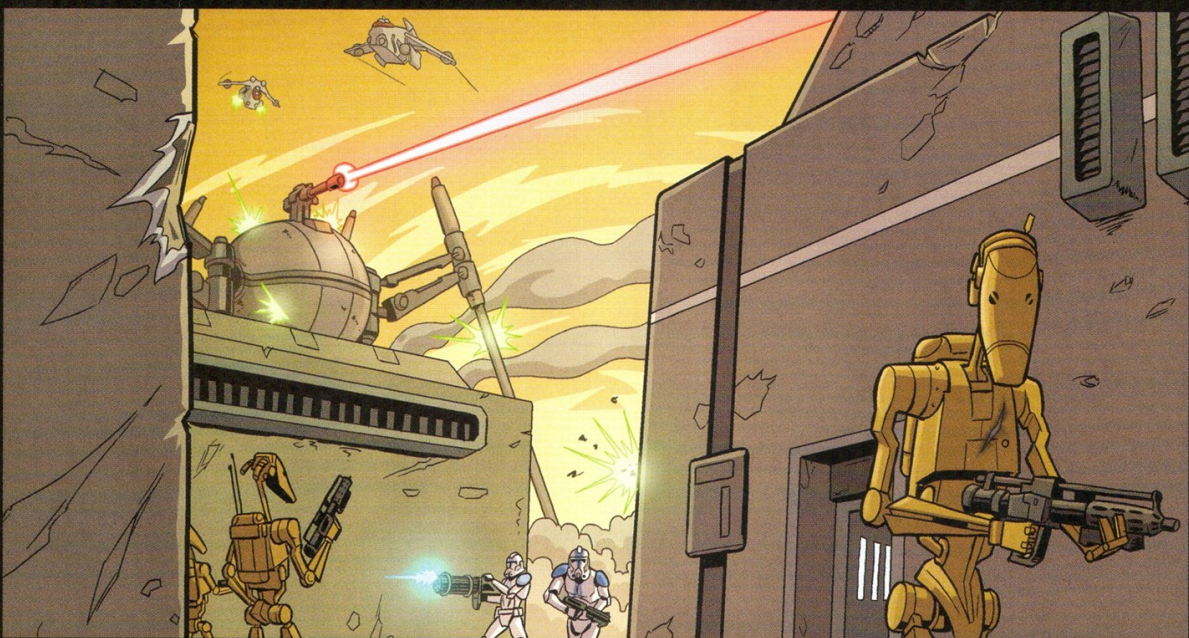
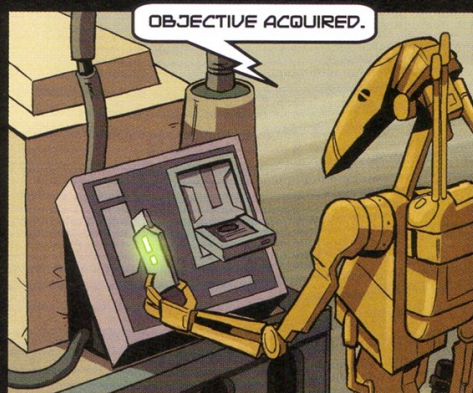
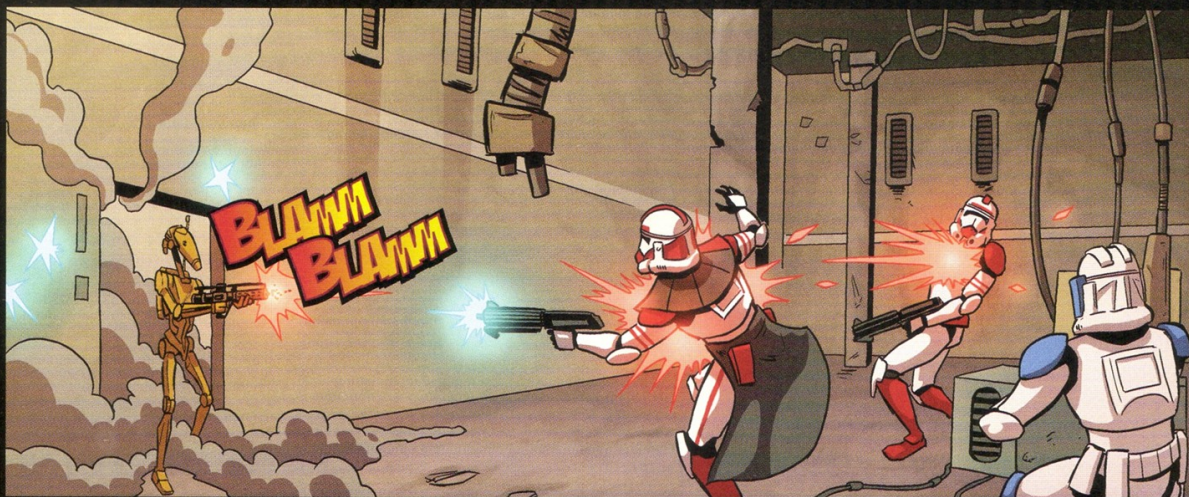


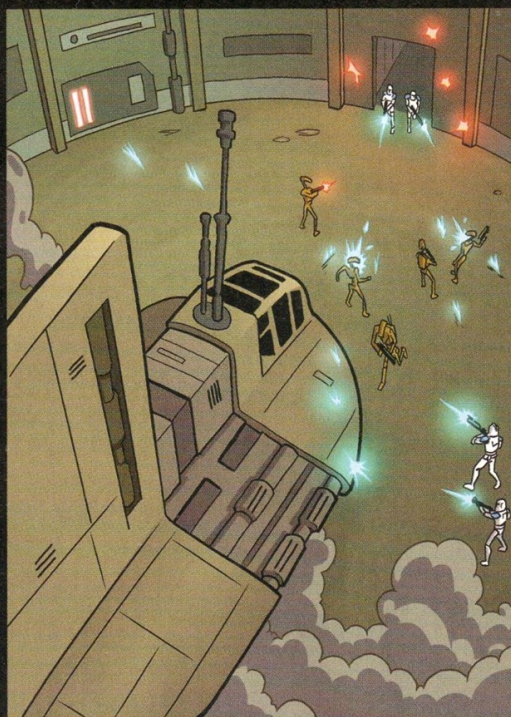
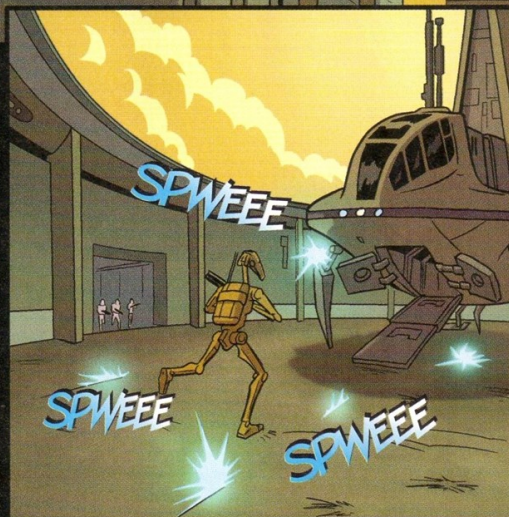
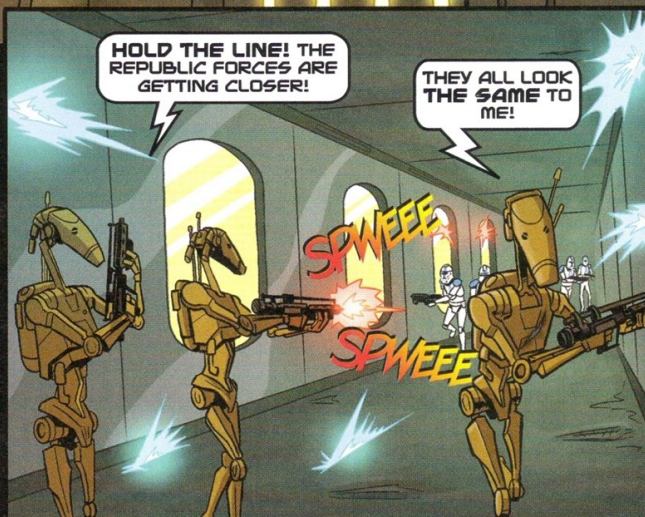
THAT FILE IS CRUCIAL TO OUR WAR EFFORTS! IT **MUST** BE RECOVERED -- NO MATTER WHAT THE COST!

RECOVER THE FILE! LEAVE NO CLONE UNTURNED!

ROGER, ROGER!









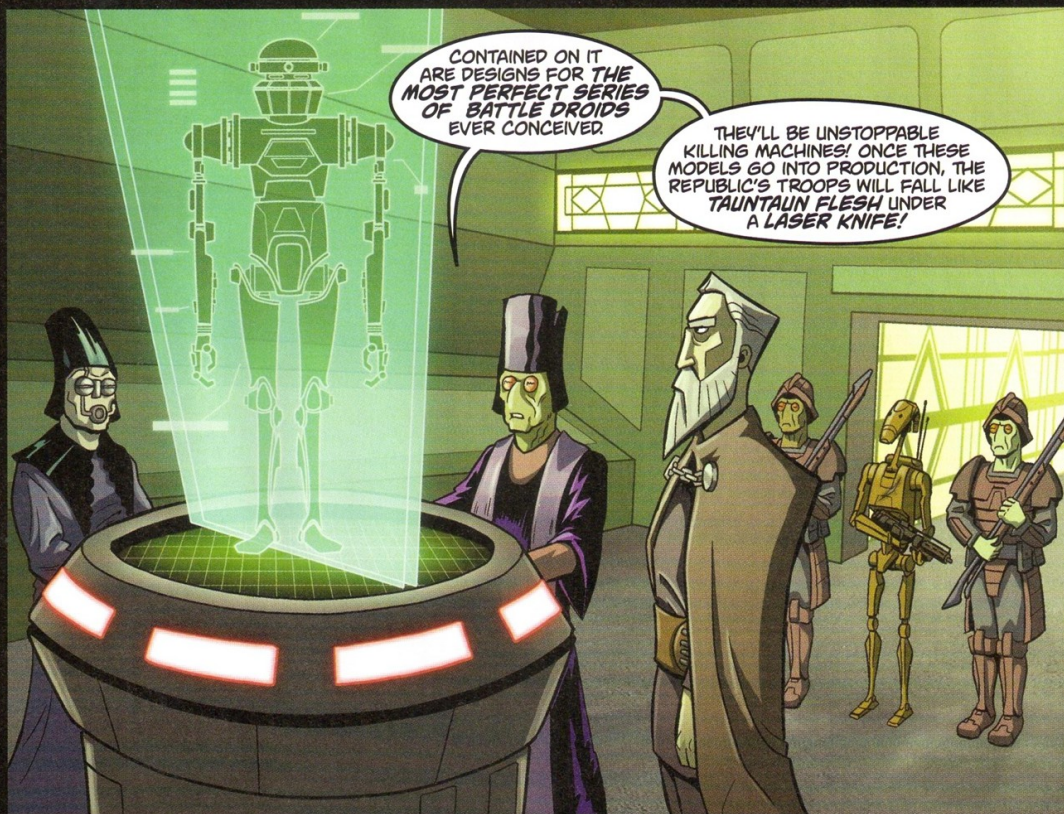
ADMIRABLE
EFFORT FOR A DROID --
IF IT HAD FEELINGS WE WOULD
BE GIVING IT A HERO'S
WELCOME, I AM SURE.

IT ISN'T WISE
TO GET SENTIMENTAL
OVER MACHINERY,
COUNCILLOR.



QUITE
RIGHT, COUNT
DOOKU.

STILL, THE DATA
CHIP APPEARS TO HAVE
SURVIVED INTACT. CAUSE
FOR CELEBRATION, I
THINK YOU'LL AGREE.







THERE'S NOTHING
WRONG WITH THIS
DROID BLASTER. IT'S
FUNCTIONING
PERFECTLY.



IMPOSSIBLE!

THAT WOULD
MEAN THAT
THIS DROID...
SABOTAGED...

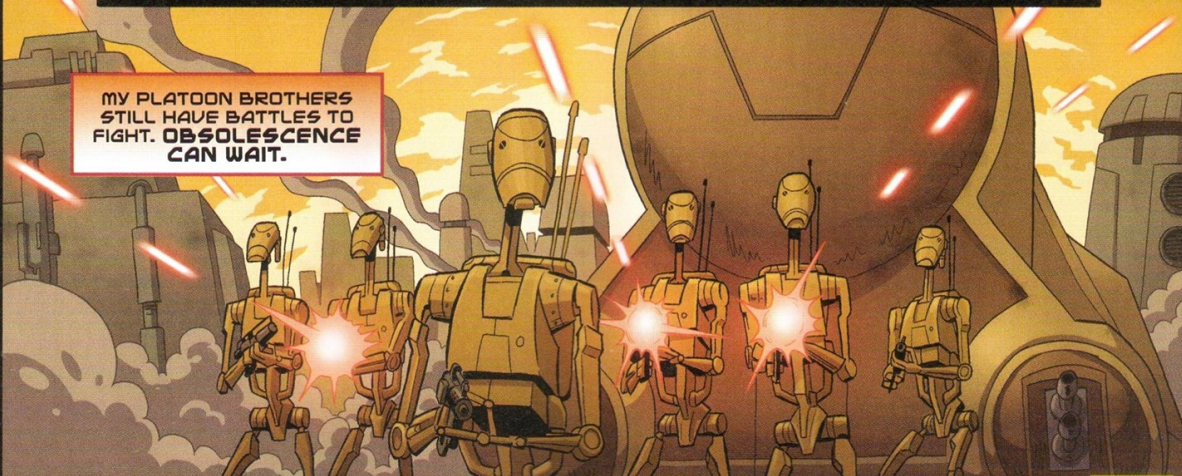


DESTROY IT!
MELT IT DOWN
TO SLAG!



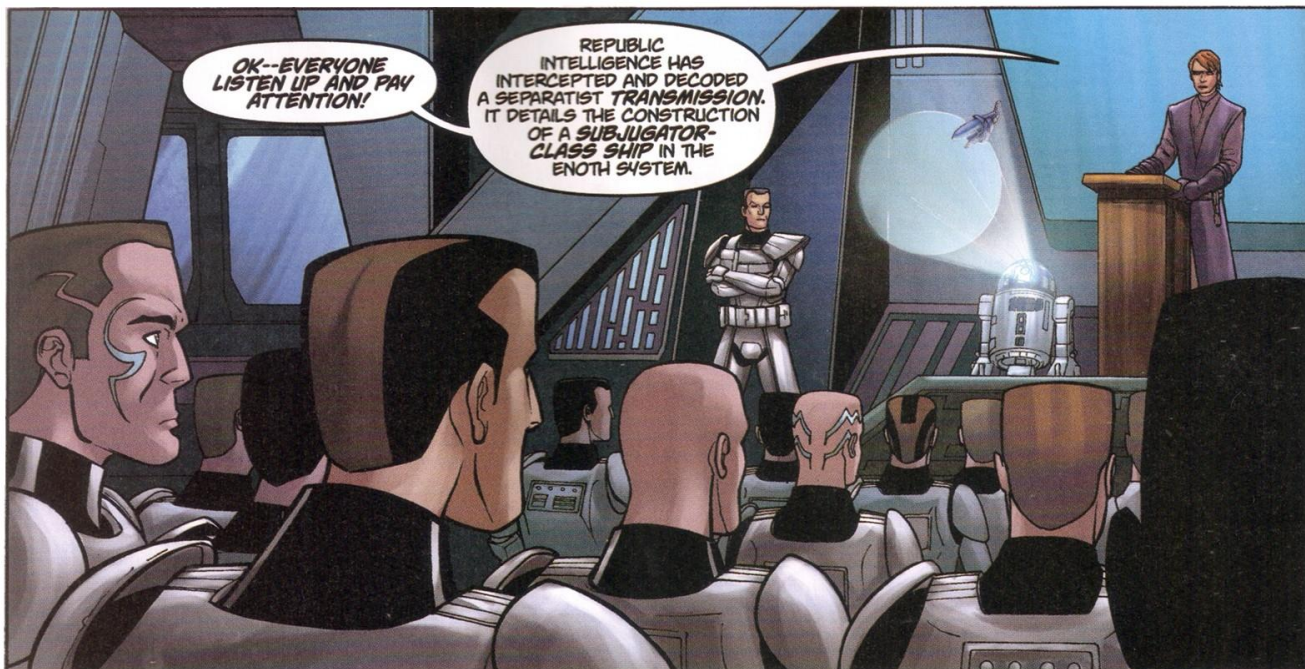
ZAPOW!

ZAPOW!



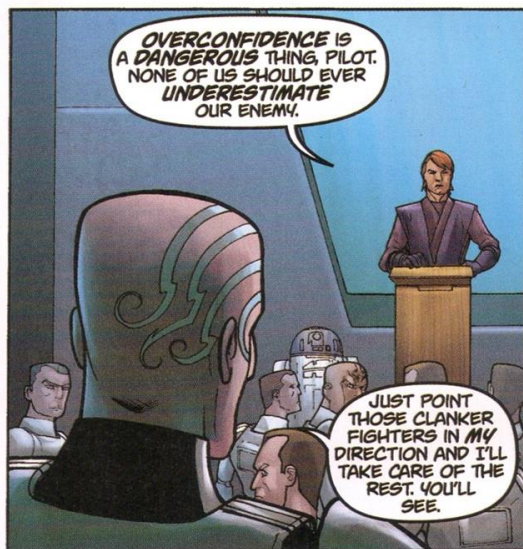
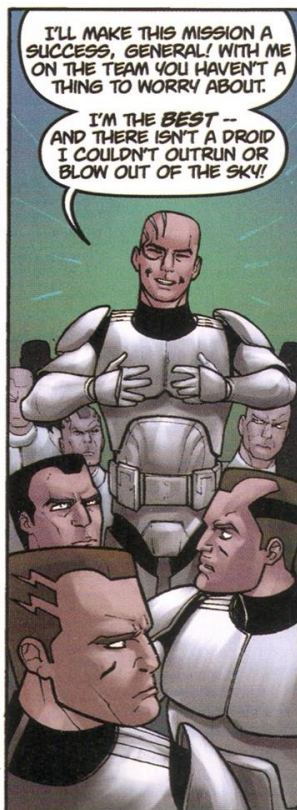
MY PLATOON BROTHERS
STILL HAVE BATTLES TO
FIGHT. OBSOLESCENCE
CAN WAIT.

END!



HOTSHOT

WRITER MARTIN FISHER ARTIST ANDRES PONCE COLORIST DIGIKORE LETTERER GABRIELA HOUSTON



"HE DOESN'T REALISE
THAT SOMETIMES YOU
CAN LOSE."

LOOKS LIKE
OUR INTELLIGENCE WAS
WRONG -- THAT SHIP'S
FULLY ARMED!

ALL GROUPS,
DON'T GET TOO CLOSE --
CONCENTRATE ON THE
FIGHTERS UNTIL THE
SHIELD IS DOWN.

GENERAL,
THERE'S A FIGHTER
ON YOUR TAIL!

HE'S LOCKED
ON -- I CAN'T
SHAKE HIM!

DON'T WORRY,
COMMANDER -- I'M
ON IT!

BOOOOM!

SHOOTER, IS
THAT YOU?

THE ONE
AND ONLY.

IF YOU WANT
SOME *FLYING TIPS*
WHEN WE GET BACK,
I'LL BE HAPPY TO
PROVIDE THEM,
GENERAL.



WHY THAT
ARROGANT,
OVERBEARING...

THERE'S NOTHING
WRONG WITH BEING
OVERCONFIDENT WHEN
YOU'RE RIGHT.



GROUND
UNIT TO RED
LEADER.

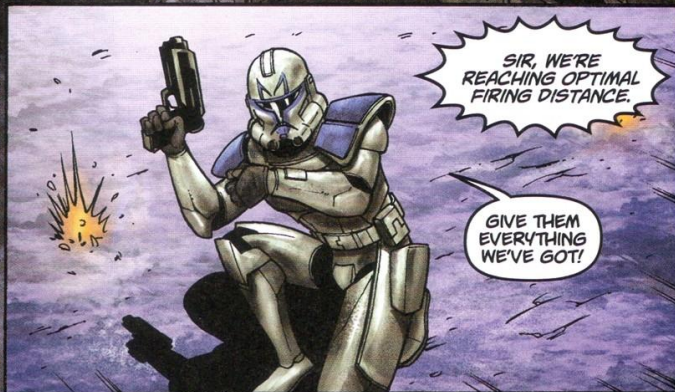
GO AHEAD,
REX. WHAT'S YOUR
SITUATION?

WE'RE SLOWLY
PROGRESSING...

"YOU'LL KNOW SOON
IF WE'VE SUCCEEDED."

"KEEP UP THE PRESSURE -- THAT
SHIELD HAS TO COME DOWN!"

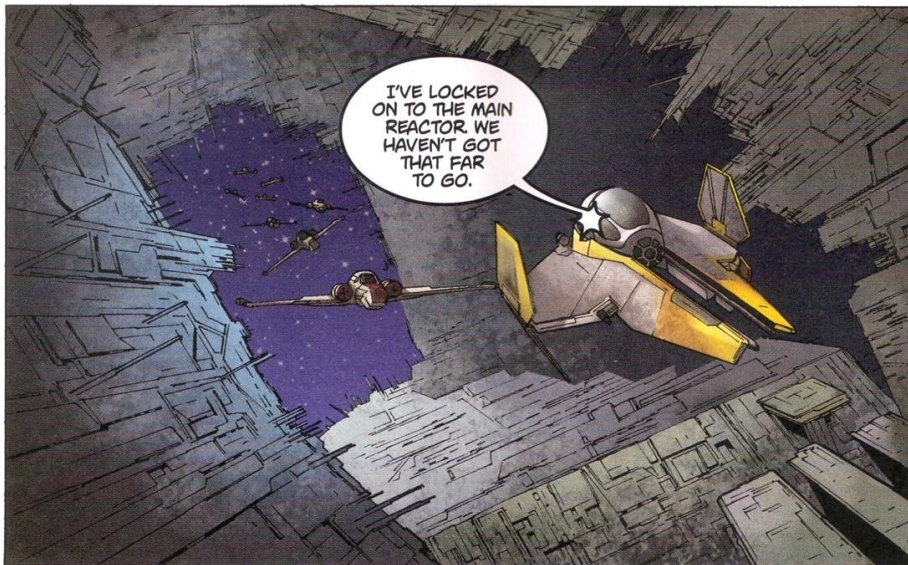
"COPY THAT, SIR."



SIR, WE'RE
REACHING OPTIMAL
FIRING DISTANCE.

GIVE THEM
EVERYTHING
WE'VE GOT!





I'VE LOCKED ON TO THE MAIN REACTOR. WE HAVEN'T GOT THAT FAR TO GO.



HEY -- SHOOTER!

SOME OF US ARE IN A HURRY!

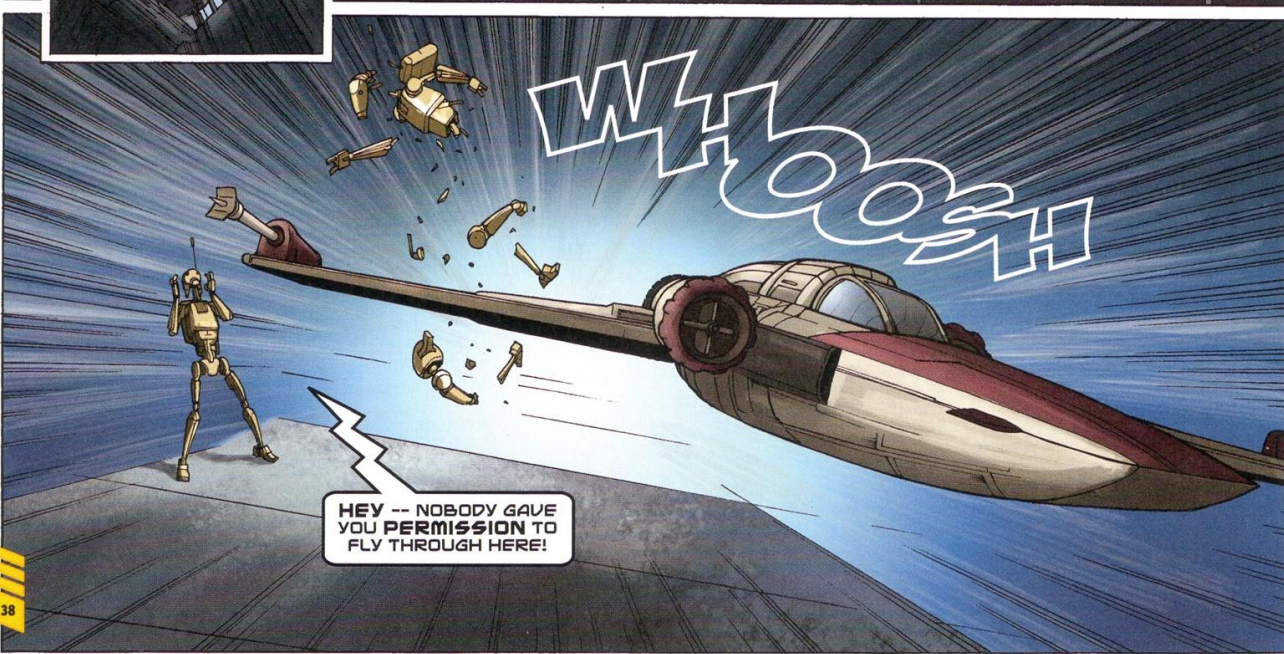


BOOM!



HEY, CAN YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

IT SOUNDS LIKE A STARFIGHTER.



WHOOOSH

HEY -- NOBODY GAVE YOU PERMISSION TO FLY THROUGH HERE!



WE'LL LEAD THE DROIDS AWAY AND BUY YOU SOME TIME, GENERAL.

COPY THAT. GOOD LUCK, RED 5.



TARGET THE REACTOR'S MAIN STABILIZER. ONCE OUR TORPEDOES HIT WE NEED TO MAKE A RUN FOR IT--

--OTHERWISE WE'LL BE DESTROYED BY THE CHAIN REACTION!



AVOID THIS, TIN POTS!



BBBBZZZZT

IT'S PROTECTED BY A RAY SHIELD. WE CAN'T BREAK THROUGH IT!



WHOOOMP

I'VE BEEN HIT! MY WEAPONS ARE OUT!



HANG ON --
I'M COMING
TO HELP.

DON'T WORRY
ABOUT ME --
JUST GET OUT
OF HERE.

SHOOTER,
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?!

TAKING CARE OF
THE REST -- AND MAKING
SURE THE MISSION SUCCEEDS.
GET MOVING -- YOU HAVEN'T
GOT MUCH TIME!

PULL BACK,
SHOOTER. THAT'S
AN ORDER!

CAN'T -- YOU KNOW
I DON'T RESPOND
WELL TO ORDERS!

REMEMBER ME --
I ONLY WANTED
TO BE THE...

AAAGGHH!

ALL FIGHTERS
MOVE AWAY FROM
THE SHIPYARDS...
NOW!

KA - DOOM!



CONGRATULATIONS, MASTER! THAT SHOULD HOLD THE SEPPIES BACK FOR A WHILE.

BUT IT COST A LOT OF GOOD MEN. WE LOST SHOOTER -- AND HE **SAVED** US OUT THERE.



BUT WE WON THE BATTLE! THAT'S WHAT COUNTS.

WE NEVER LIKED SHOOTER ANYWAY. HE GOT WHAT HE WANTED -- AND HE **DESERVED** IT.



THAT'S ENOUGH!

SHOOTER MAY HAVE BRAGGED, BUT HE WAS STILL AS BRAVE AS ANY OF YOU...HE **SAVED** MY LIFE!



SHOOTER WAS ONE OF A KIND I'M GOING TO **MISS** HIM.

I FLEW WITH SHOOTER AS WELL, AND I'LL MISS HIM **JUST** AS MUCH, MASTER.



MAYBE HE WASN'T **SO** BAD.

AND I GUESS **WE'LL** MISS HIM, TOO.

AFTER ALL... HE WAS OUR **BROTHER**.

WORDS
RIK HOSKIN
ART & COLOURS
LUCA BERTELE

LABYRINTH

LETTERS
JON CHAPPLE &
GABI HOUSTON

WE
SHOULDN'T
BE RUNNING!
THIS IS OUR
HOME.



BRAVE
IN THE FACE
OF DANGER
HAVE YOU
BEEN.

BUT LEAVE
NOW, YOU MUST,
OR DIE HERE
YOU SHALL.



HMM.

ANOTHER
WAY WE MUST
FIND!



AROUND,
WE SHALL GO!
HURRY!

HOW
FAR IS THE
TRANSPORT,
MASTER
YODA?

NOT
FAR NOW.
YOU ARE
THE
LAST.



I TELL YOU,
FRANNA--WE
SHOULDN'T HAVE TO
LEAVE. THEY'RE
FORCING US FROM
OUR HOMES!

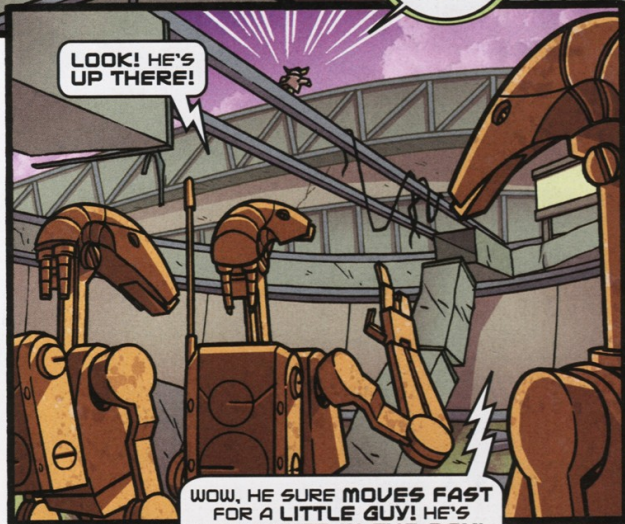
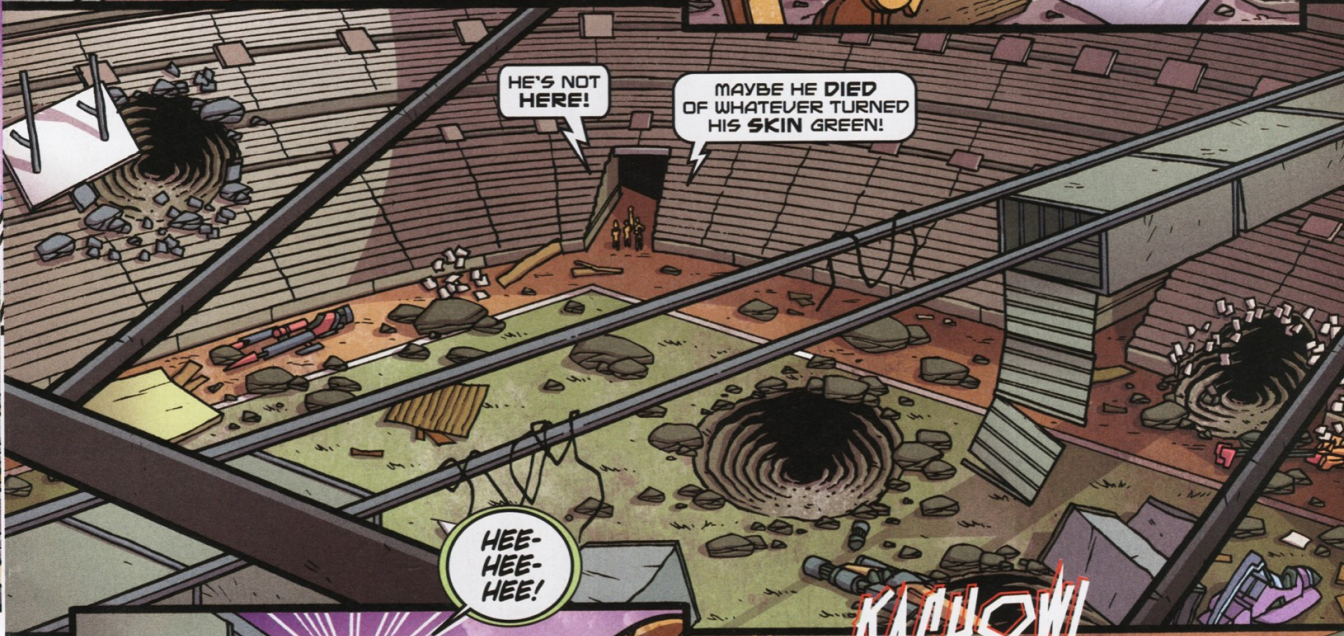
EVERYONE
ELSE IS ALREADY
GONE. THE JEDI
MASTER IS
RIGHT.



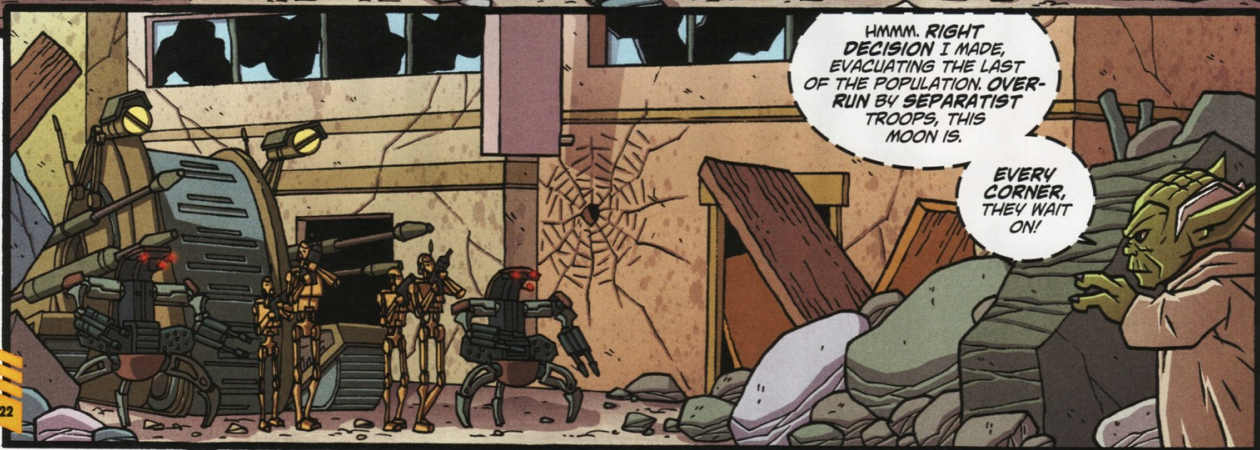
THAT
WAY,
YOU MUST
GO!


UNWELCOME
COMPANY,
WE HAVE!





Continued
on page 22





WHAT? A JEDI
KNIGHT? HERE?!



SHOOT
HIM!

WE HAVE HIM NOW!
BLAST HIM!



AMBUSHED
BY THEIR OWN
TROOPS THEY
HAVE BEEN!

REALIZE NOW
DO THEY, THAT
FOOLISH IT IS TO
UNDERESTIMATE
A JEDI
MASTER...



...TOO
LATE!

PA-TING!

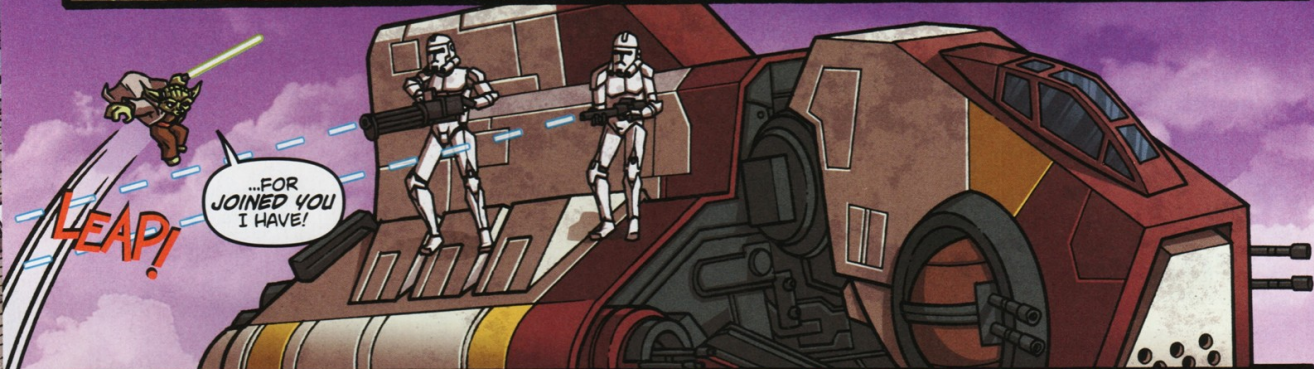
PA-TING!



SHORTLY,
STREETS AWAY...

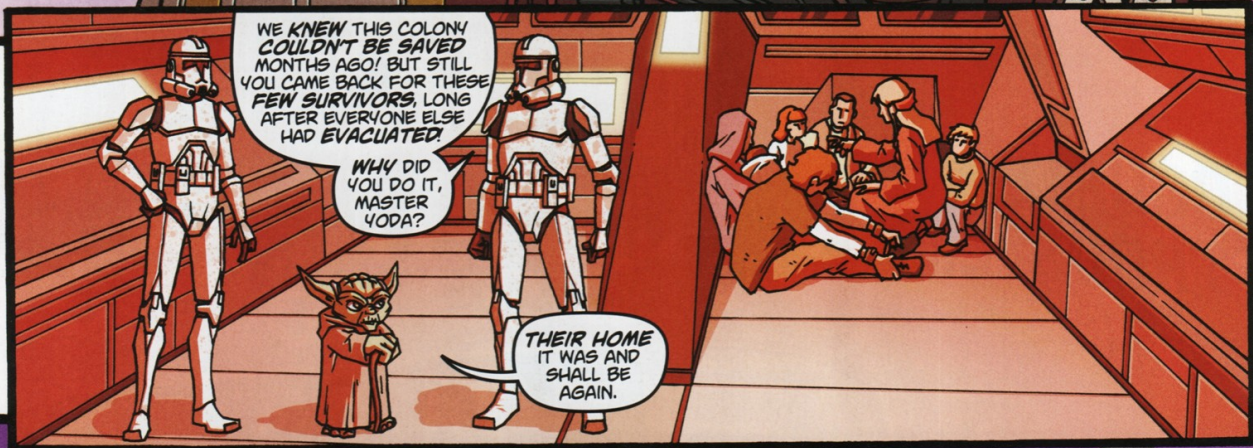
QUICKLY,
MASTER YODA--
WE CANNOT WAIT
ANY LONGER!

WAIT NOT
FOR ME...



LEAP!

...FOR
JOINED YOU
I HAVE!

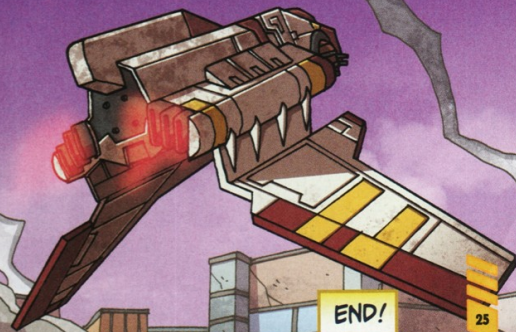


WE KNEW THIS COLONY
COULDN'T BE SAVED
MONTHS AGO! BUT STILL
YOU CAME BACK FOR THESE
FEW SURVIVORS, LONG
AFTER EVERYONE ELSE
HAD EVACUATED!

WHY DID
YOU DO IT,
MASTER
YODA?

THEIR HOME
IT WAS AND
SHALL BE
AGAIN.

"IF WINNING THIS WAR IS
TO HAVE VALUE, CAPTAIN,
THEN SURVIVORS THERE
MUST BE."



END!

THE MASKED RACER

WRITER
MARTIN FISHER
ARTIST
ANDRES PONCE
COLOURIST
JOHN CHARLES
LETTERER
GABRIELA HOUSTON
EDITOR
JON CHAPPLE

JEDI MASTER PLO KOON HAS BEEN REPORTED MISSING. HIS LAST TRANSMISSION WAS SENT FROM WITHIN THE REGION OF THE PLANET MALASTARE.

SUSPECTING HE HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY THE SEPARATISTS, ANAKIN SKYWALKER AND AHSOKA TANO HEAD TOWARDS MALASTARE TO INVESTIGATE.

WHAT MAKES THE JEDI COUNCIL THINK THE SEPARATISTS ARE OPERATING HERE? I THOUGHT THE DUGS AND GRAN WERE ON OUR SIDE.

THEY ARE, BUT THAT DOESN'T STOP THE SEPARATISTS WORKING QUIETLY. LOOK AT THIS.

DREZ UNLIN. PODRACING CHAMPION OF THE SECTOR.

HE'S BEEN SEEN TALKING TO KNOWN SEPARATIST GENERALS HERE, AND BEING SECTOR CHAMPION DOESN'T MEAN MUCH.

BE PREPARED FOR ANYTHING, SNIPS-- AND FOLLOW MY LEAD.

DON'T I ALWAYS...

GREETINGS, JEDI...

...I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU.



WHERE'S MASTER PLO, DREZ?

DON'T BE SO EAGER, MY FRIEND.

ONE LAP AGAINST ME AROUND THE CIRCUIT. IF I WIN, YOU **RELEASE** MASTER PLO. AND IF YOU WIN... AHSOKA AND I WILL **BECOME** YOUR PRISONERS.

I **CHALLENGE** YOU TO A RACE.

"ONE COMMAND FROM ME AND THE ELECTRICAL NET RENDERS BOTH OF YOU UNCONSCIOUS."

WE KNOW YOU'RE HOLDING MASTER PLO HOSTAGE. WE WON'T LEAVE WITHOUT HIM.

ASSUMING I HAVE THIS JEDI-- AND I'M NOT SAYING I DO-- WHY WOULD I GIVE HIM TO YOU?

BECAUSE... YOU HAVE TWO OTHER HOSTAGES TO GAIN.



"NOW--LET'S TALK BUSINESS."



BUT MASTER, YOU KNOW YOU'RE TOO BIG TO--



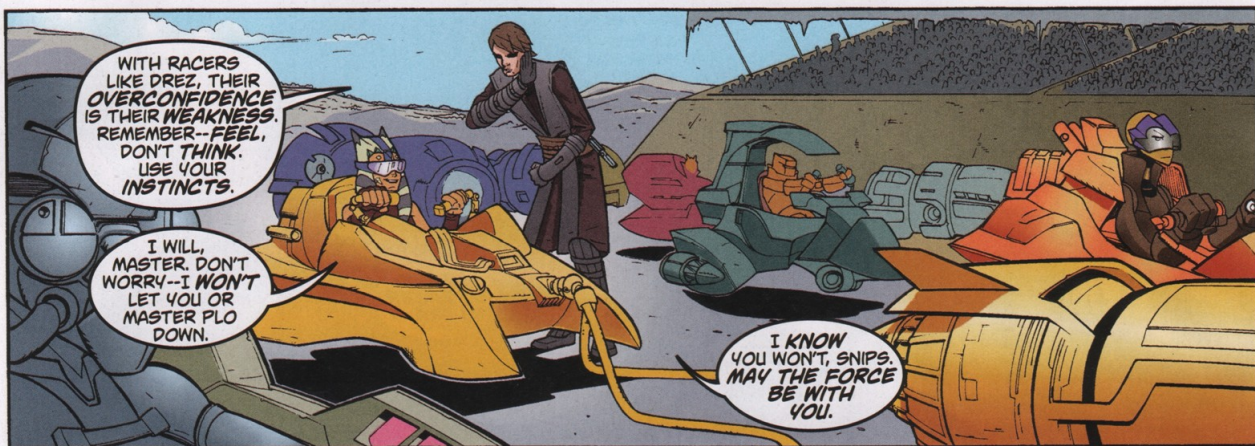
HAH! WITH THOSE GANGLY LIMBS, YOU'D NEVER FIT INTO A PODRACER! YOU'RE NOT A CHILD ANY MORE, YOU KNOW, JEDI--

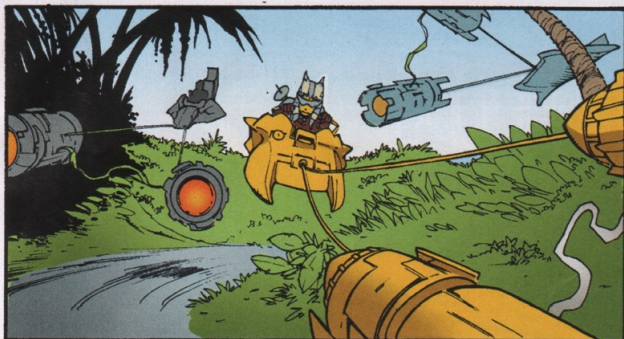
--SO I WILL RACE YOUR PADAWAN INSTEAD OF YOU.

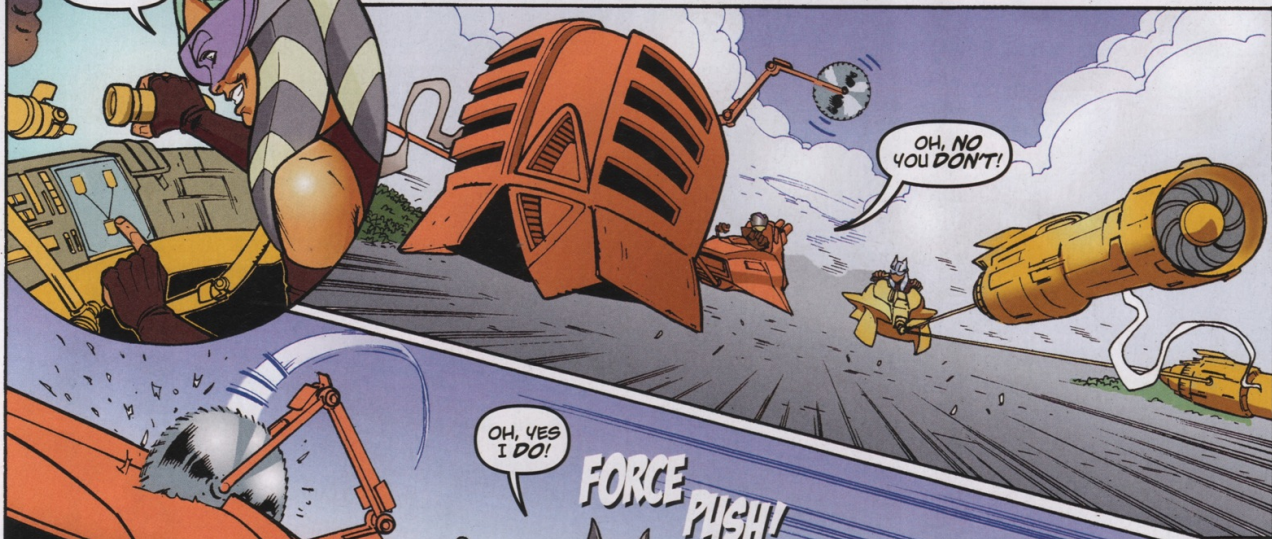
YOU WILL?!

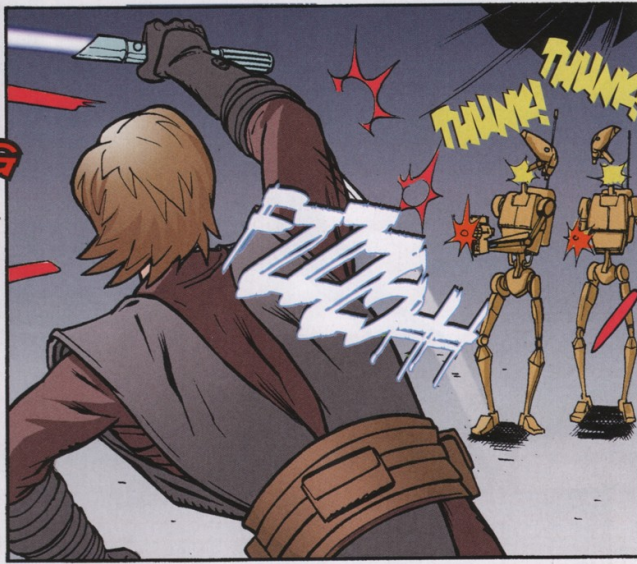
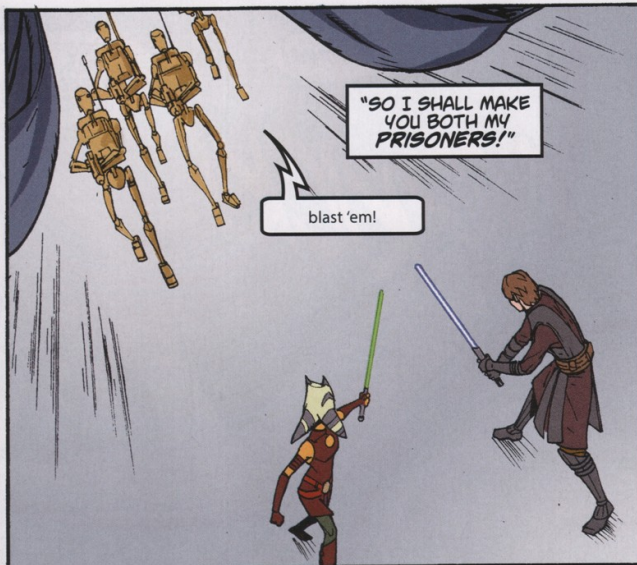
I HOPE YOU'RE NOT AFRAID. DO YOU AGREE, YOUNG JEDI?

I'M NOT AFRAID--AND I AGREE.











ALWAYS!



DROP YOUR WEAPON, JEDI, OR YOUR PADAWAN WILL BE HISTORY.

DON'T DO IT, MASTER! GET HIM!

I MEAN IT. YOU HAVE FIVE SECONDS TO DECIDE.



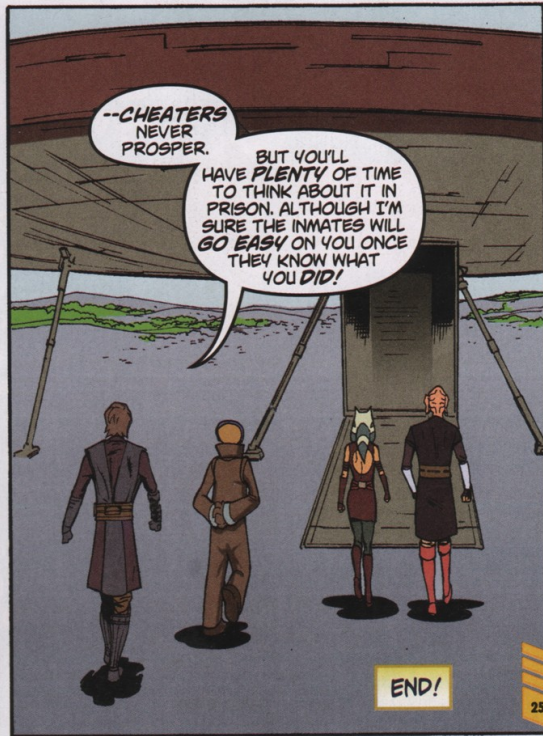
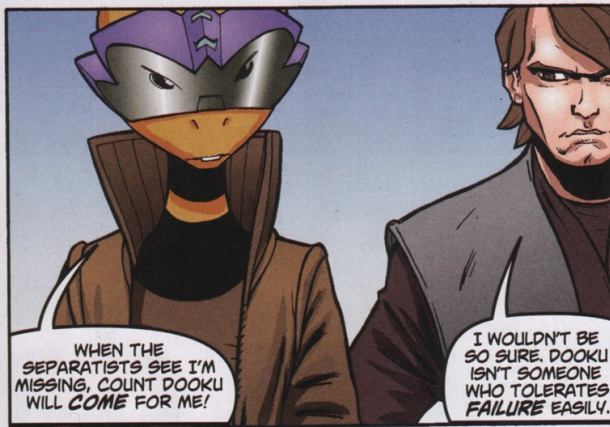
I'M SORRY, AHSOKA. I DON'T WANT TO "PUSH" HIM ANY FURTHER.



THAT'S OKAY-- BECAUSE I DO!



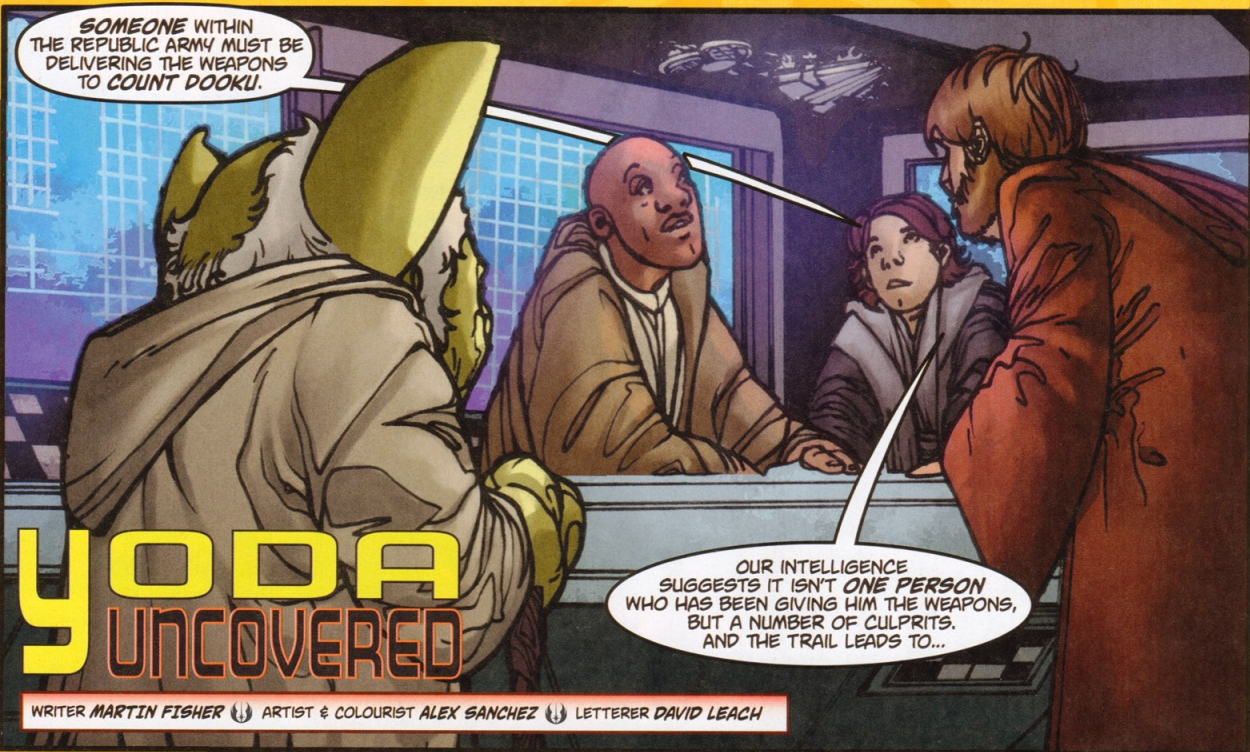
I THINK I'VE FOUND MASTER PLO!





"RECENTLY OUR LOSSES IN THE OUTER RIM HAVE BEEN INCREASING DRAMATICALLY."

"MORE CONCERNING IS THE FACT THAT THE **SEPARATISTS** APPEAR TO BE USING **REPUBLIC WEAPONS** AGAINST OUR OWN SHIPS."



SOMEONE WITHIN THE REPUBLIC ARMY MUST BE DELIVERING THE WEAPONS TO **COUNT DOOKU**.

OUR INTELLIGENCE SUGGESTS IT ISN'T **ONE PERSON** WHO HAS BEEN GIVING HIM THE WEAPONS, BUT A NUMBER OF CULPRITS. AND THE TRAIL LEADS TO...

WRITER **MARTIN FISHER** ARTIST & COLOURIST **ALEX SANCHEZ** LETTERER **DAVID LEACH**



TATOOINE!

WE BELIEVE A **JAWA** CLAN HAS BEEN RECOVERING THE DEBRIS AND SELLING IT TO **DOOKU**--

WHERE HIS DROIDS RETROFIT THEM TO THEIR SHIPS AND HIT OURS, **HARD**



SO WE GO THERE AND STOP THE **JAWAS** FROM SELLING THE PARTS.

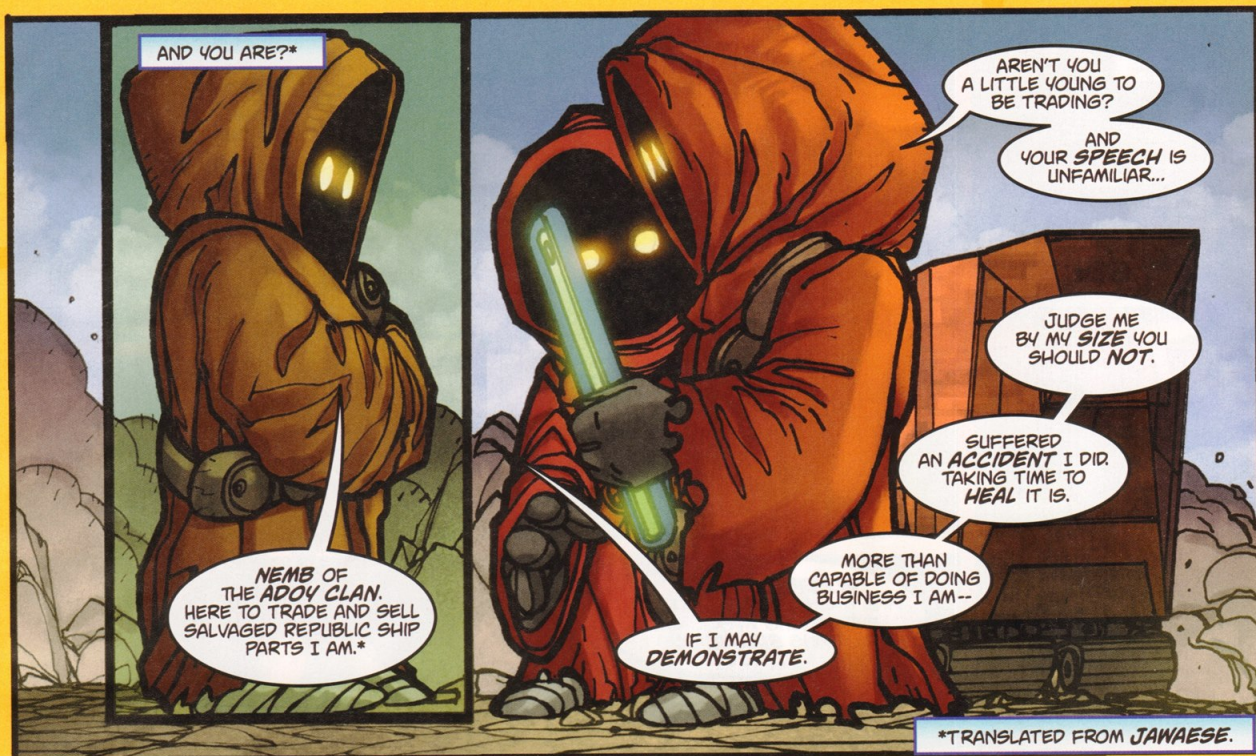
WHY THE HESITATION?

BECAUSE WE HAVE NO **PROOF**... ONLY SUSPICION.



AND STEP IN HERE I MUST. GO TO **TATOOINE** I WILL AND **INVESTIGATE** FOR MYSELF.

UNDERCOVER I WILL BE.







GOING,
WHERE ARE
WE?

TO MEET
OUR CLIENT. A
MAN WHO PAYS *VERY*
WELL FOR REPUBLIC
PARTS.



I WAS NOT
EXPECTING YOU TO
BRING COMPANY.

MY APOLOGIES,
COUNT DOOKU.

THIS IS NEMB
FROM THE ADOY CLAN.
HE ALSO HAS REPUBLIC
SCRAP I BELIEVE YOU
WOULD BE *MOST*
INTERESTED IN.

A
PLEASURE
TO MEET YOU,
IT IS.

THERE IS
SOMETHING ABOUT
YOU THAT IS...
FAMILIAR.

I HAD AN
OLD FRIEND WHO
SPOKE IN THE
SAME WAY.

GROUNDLESS
YOUR SUSPICIONS
ARE. *NEVER* MET
WE HAVE.

HERE
TO TRADE,
I AM.

NOTHING
MORE.



THEN
YOU HAVE
MADE A *WISE*
DECISION.

SINCE I DISCOVERED
THAT YOUR FELLOW *JAWAS*
WERE BEING MADE *SLAVES* BY
THE REPUBLIC, OUR TRADES HAVE
ALLOWED ME TO FREE THEM.

I AM MOST
GRATEFUL FOR
YOUR HELP,
COUNT.

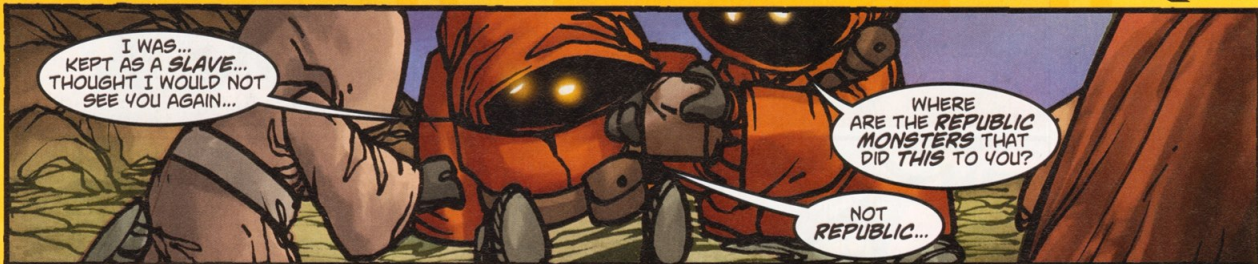
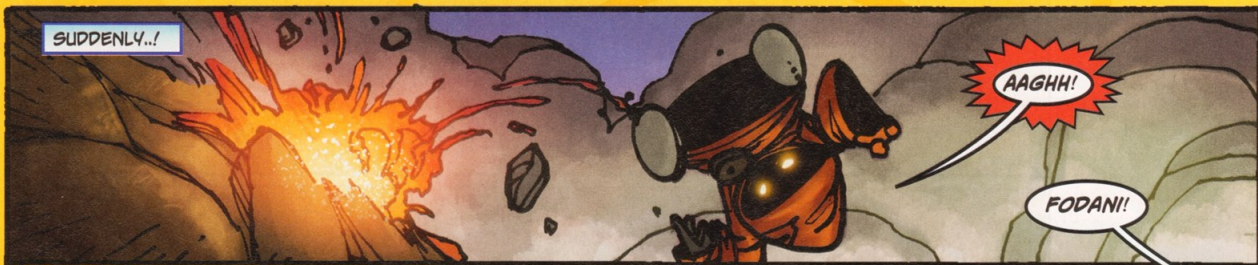


THERE IS STILL
MUCH MORE WE CAN
DO TOGETHER.

BY TURNING THEIR OWN
WEAPONS *AGAINST* THEM, MY SHIPS
HAVE BEEN *WINNING* BATTLES MORE
EFFECTIVELY THAN EVER BEFORE.

AND GIVEN TIME, THE
REPUBLIC WILL BE *DRIVEN*
FROM THE *OUTER RIM*,
AND YOUR PEOPLE WILL
NEVER HAVE TO
WORRY ABOUT THEIR
OPPRESSION
EVER AGAIN.

Continued
on
page 22





YOUR
INSISTENCE
ON INTERFERING IN MY
AFFAIRS IS BECOMING
INTOLERABLE, MY
OLD MASTER.

THEN
ATTEMPT TO DO
SOMETHING ABOUT
IT YOU MUST.

GONE BACKWARDS
YOUR SKILLS HAVE, DOOKU.
NO LONGER A FORMIDABLE
OPPONENT YOU ARE.



NEVER THIS
SLOW YOU WERE.
CORRUPTED YOUR ABILITY
THE DARK SIDE
HAS.

ON THE
CONTRARY...



THE
DARK SIDE
HAS MADE ME MORE
ALERT... AND MORE
POWERFUL.

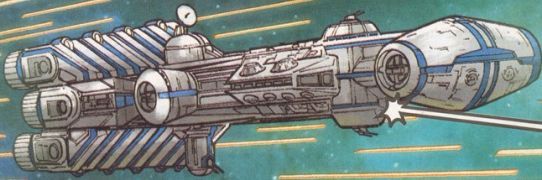




A LONG TIME AGO, IN A GALAXY FAR, FAR AWAY...

THE REPUBLIC HAS BEEN SWEEPED AWAY. A NEW EMPIRE RULES THE GALAXY, WITH A SITH LORD AT ITS DARK HEART.

AND FOR ONE GOLDEN PROTOCOL DROID, THINGS HAVE JUST GONE FROM BAD TO WORSE...



OH, NO!!

MEMORY LOSS...

WRITER: CHRISTOPHER COOPER
ARTIST: ANDRES PONCE
COLOURS: DIGIKORE
LETTERER: DAVID LEACH



THAT CAN'T BE! MY AUDIO RECEPTORS MUST BE MALFUNCTIONING!

BWREEP VWOOT!

SENATOR ORGANA WANTS MY MEMORY ERASED?! THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE.

MASTER ANTILLES, I BELIEVE THERE HAS BEEN A TERRIBLE MISUNDERSTANDING. THE SENATOR WAS SURELY REFERRING TO MY COUNTERPART HERE...



SENATOR ORGANA WAS QUITE SPECIFIC. I'M SURE IT'S FOR THE BEST.

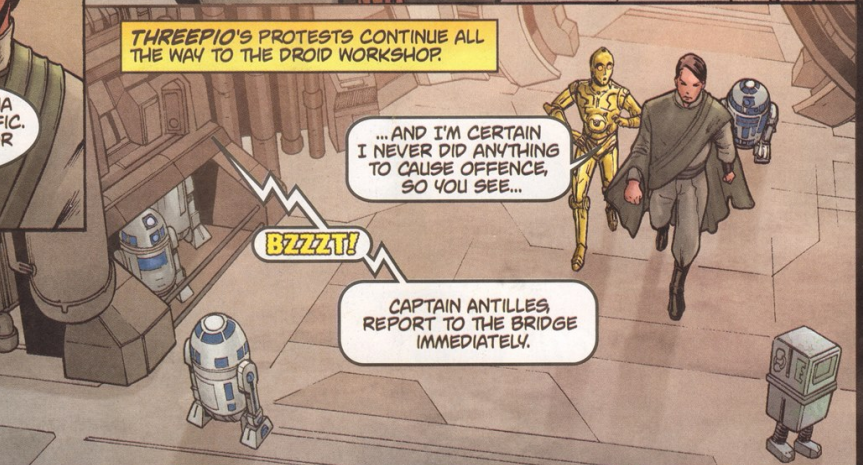
ABSOLUTELY, SIR, AND I WOULDN'T DREAM OF SPEAKING OUT OF TURN, BUT...

THREEPIO'S PROTESTS CONTINUE ALL THE WAY TO THE DROID WORKSHOP.

...AND I'M CERTAIN I NEVER DID ANYTHING TO CAUSE OFFENCE, SO YOU SEE...

BZZZZT!

CAPTAIN ANTILLES REPORT TO THE BRIDGE IMMEDIATELY.



SAVED BY THE BELL!





ASTROMECH,
SEE TO THIS PROTOCOL
DROID'S MEMORY
WIPE.

RUN A
FULL FLUSH, AND
REPORT TO ME WHEN
COMPLETED

MAYBE
REPROGRAM HIS
PERSONALITY WHILE
YOU'RE AT IT.

THWRRRR!!

I'M GLAD YOU'RE FINDING ALL
THIS SO FUNNY, YOU **OBSOLETE
GARBAGE MASHER.**

CLANG!

THIS IS
SERIOUS.
THIS TIME...

...I REALLY
AM **DOOMED!**

ONLY **YOU**
COULD THINK OF
HAVING AN **OIL BATH**
AT A TIME LIKE THIS.

THOUGH,
AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN
THROUGH LATELY,
I SUPPOSE WE'VE EARNED IT.
THAT TERRIBLE BUSINESS
ON **MUSTAFAR!** THE
ATMOSPHERE THERE WAS
QUITE CORROSIVE.

BRRP
THWRR

ARTOO,
DO YOU THINK
WE COULD HAVE
DONE MORE...

...FOR POOR
**MISTRESS
PADMÉ?**

BWOOOR

I SIMPLY CANNOT UNDERSTAND
HOW **MASTER ANAKIN** COULD
EVER **HURT** HER.

YOU **REMEMBER**
THE WEDDING, DON'T
YOU, ARTOO?

VOOUEEP!

"THEY SEEMED LIKE SUCH PERFECT COUNTERPARTS."

DO STOP MAKING SUCH A FUSS. YOUR PHOTORECEPTOR WILL GO RUSTY.

BRIEE THRRPBOOP!!

BOOWEEEO.

OF COURSE I WON'T TELL ANYONE ABOUT THIS!

I'VE BEEN TRANSLATING FOR SENATORS LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW HOW TO KEEP A SECRET.

IT'S YOU WHO NEEDS TO BE CAREFUL.

THEN AGAIN, WHO EVER LISTENS TO ANYTHING AN R2-UNIT HAS TO SAY!

I WAS SO HAPPY IN THOSE DAYS.

IT'S NO EXAGGERATION TO SAY THAT MY INPUT WAS ESSENTIAL ON MANY DIPLOMATIC MISSIONS.

YOU'D BE AMAZED HOW MUCH TOP SECRET INFORMATION IS STORED IN MY MEMORY BANKS.

IF ONLY THE SENATOR RECOGNISED MY TRUE VALUE...

ZWERPPP!!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU "CAN ALWAYS FLICK THE SWITCH EARLY?" HOW RUDE!

BRRRRR

AS ARTOO PREPARES TO ACTIVATE THE MEMORY WIPE...

WAIT! SOMETHING HAS BEEN TROUBLING ME.

SOMETHING I OVERHEARD MASTER ANAKIN SAY, AFTER HE RECOVERED THE BODY OF HIS MOTHER FROM THOSE TERRIBLE SAND PEOPLE.

BWEEP?

"I DIDN'T MEAN TO LISTEN. I WAS ON A RECHARGE CYCLE, THEY JUST DIDN'T SEE ME."

ANI, WHAT'S WRONG?

I... I KILLED THEM. I KILLED THEM ALL. THEY'RE DEAD, EVERY SINGLE ONE OF THEM...

IF ONLY I'D MENTIONED IT TO SOMEONE...

OH, ARTOO, I KEEP WONDERING --

COULD I HAVE STOPPED HIM? COULD I HAVE STOPPED ALL THIS?!

FRROOWEEEEEE!!!

OH, MY...?! ARTOO!!

YOU JUST DON'T KNOW WHEN TO KEEP QUIET, DO YOU, GOLDIE?

NOW HOLD STILL WHILE I REMOVE YOUR SWEET, BULGING MEMORY BANKS!

Continued on page 22

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING? THIS IS INTOLERABLE!

ARTOO, HELP ME!

I'LL BE LONG GONE BEFORE YOUR ASTROMECH FRIEND'S PROCESSORS UNSCRAMBLE. YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, BRIGHT EYES.

PLEASE PUT THAT **VIBROBLADE** AWAY. THOSE DEVICES CAN BE TERRIBLY DANGEROUS IN THE WRONG HANDS!

DON'T WORRY.

THESE HANDS WERE PROGRAMMED BY PROFESSIONALS.

THIS WON'T HURT A BIT -- WELL, NOT MUCH...

MY PARTNER SAID WE'D HIT **PAYDIRT** ON THIS SHIP IF I PLAYED THE **SERVILE** PROTOCOL DROID LONG ENOUGH.

OH, MY! YOU'RE A **BOUNTY HUNTER**!!

I PREFER TO THINK OF MYSELF AS AN **INFORMATION SPECIALIST**.

AND I'VE GOT A GOOD FEELING THE **EMPIRE** WILL **PAY** BIG FOR THE DATA YOU'RE CARRYING.

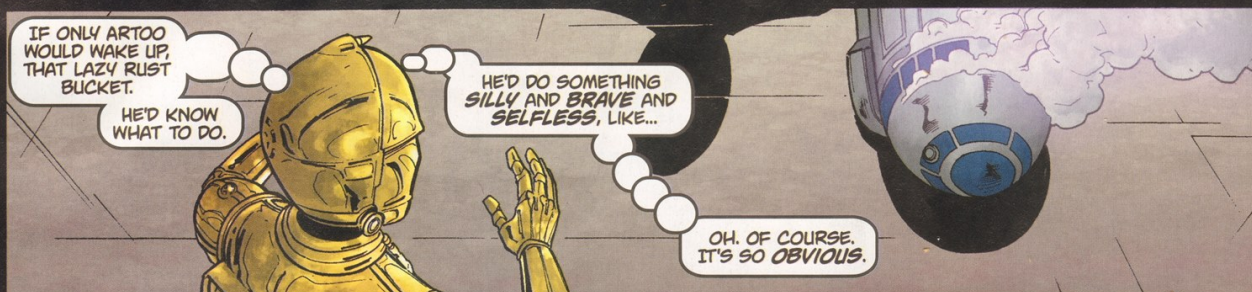
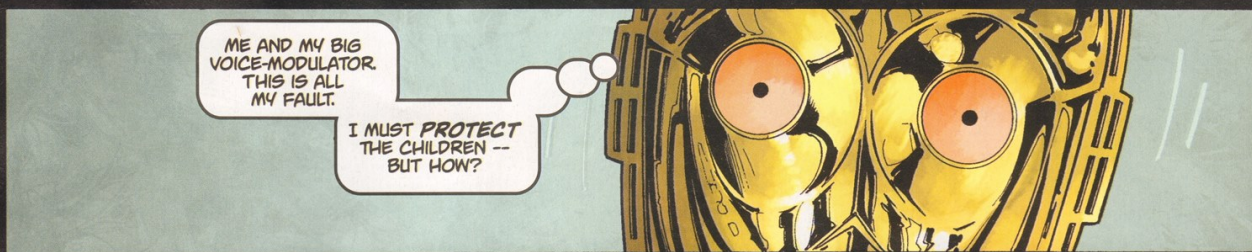
THE **EMPIRE**...?!

WHAT'S THAT?

ERM... NOTHING. I'M MERELY **BABBLING** IN INCOHERENT TERROR. PLEASE IGNORE ME.

IF YOU'D SHUT UP, I'D BE HAPPY TO.

BUT THAT COULD LEAD THEM TO THE **TWINS**!



"I MUST SAY, THIS ISN'T WHAT I EXPECTED AT ALL. I SEEM TO BE RE-EXPERIENCING EVERY MEMORY AS IT'S BEING DELETED!"

"I FEEL RATHER UNWELL!"

"THIS IS ONE MEMORY I'M HAPPY TO LOSE! NO WONDER I HATE SPACE TRAVEL SO MUCH."

"WELL SOMETHING'S WRONG. I SEEM TO HAVE LOST WEIGHT, AND NOW I CAN'T SEE. HOW ODD."

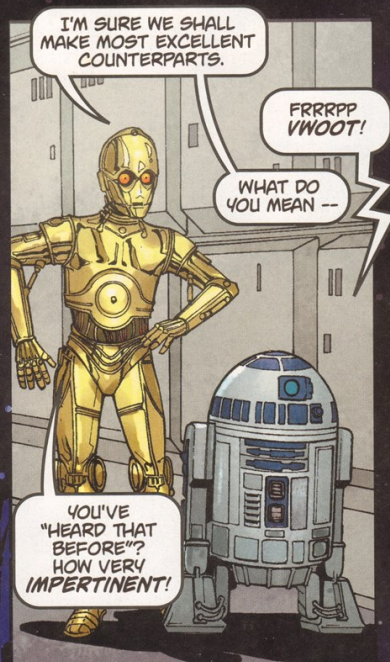
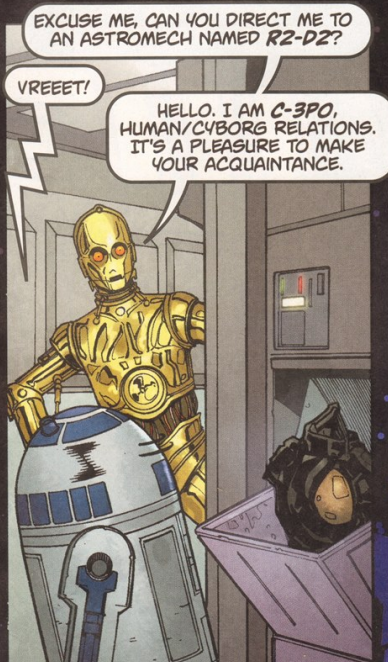
HEY,
THREEPIO,
I FOUND YOU A
PHOTORECEPTOR.
ISN'T THAT
WIZARD?!

JUST YOU WAIT.
ONE DAY I'LL GET YOU
ANOTHER ONE,
I PROMISE.

"WHAT A SHAME IT'S
JUST A MEMOR... CLKKK"

"MASTER ANAKIN!
OH MY, IT'S SO WONDERFUL
TO SEE YOU AGAIN. YOU LOOK SO YOUNG --
AND HAPPY. I'D QUITE FORGOTTEN..."

MEMORY WIPE
COMPLETED...



"NOW COME ALONG, ARTOO,
WE HAVE WORK TO DO."

"THOSE BINARY LOAD LIFTERS WON'T
PROGRAM THEMSELVES, YOU KNOW!"



THE END